

LOVE LOTTERIES - AMERICA'S NEWEST VICE MAN'S **DARING**

35¢

**GIRL PRISONERS OF THE
AFRICAN NAPOLEON**

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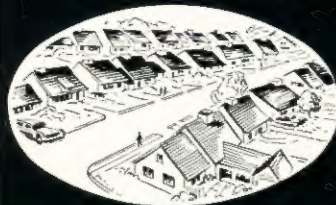
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**SHOCKING: THE HORRIBLE TORTURES OF HISTORY
THE VIRGIN'S KISS AND OTHER DEVILISH DEVICES**

Make More Money in One of Today's **FASTEST-GROWING** Industries

We'll train and establish you in YOUR OWN LIFETIME BUSINESS



U.S. Dept. of Commerce says—
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\$750 million yearly potential in
rug and upholstery cleaning . . .



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You become an independent business
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Big Future in Dynamic Industry

Join the thousands of opportunity-minded men like those pictured below who are sharing in the profits that this remarkable home-furnishings cleaning field makes possible. We can help you make more money in a booming industry which the Dept. of Commerce estimates as having a \$750 million dollar a year potential!

We will train you as a cleaning specialist, show you the proven methods for building business, and work with you providing over 27 continuous services that help assure your growth.

Arlis Wilson of Tulsa says: "As a Duraclean Dealer I have the ideal setup. I am operating my own business, yet have at my disposal a staff of experienced men at Headquarters who will help me on a moment's notice."

We Help Build Your Business

YOUR personal success is of the utmost importance to Headquarters, for as you grow so grows the Duraclean Dealer organization. Thus, your initial training is only the beginning of a continuous assistance program designed to build your business. When you contact Hdqtrs. you receive prompt, expert counsel from a staff of specialists. Some of the over 27 services you receive are conventions and regional conferences, new product development, trademark protection, sales letters, tested ads, local promotional materials, a monthly sales-building magazine, plus a host of others.

Backed by National Advertising

You are backed by a National Advertising program which is larger than all other similar programs in the industry combined. **Consumer Advertising:** Ads dramatizing Duraclean services reach millions through leading magazines as *McCalls*, *Parents'*, *House & Garden*, *House Beautiful*, *Canadian Homes & Gardens*, *Sunset*, *New Yorker* and others. **Trade Advertising:** More and more retailers are turning over customers to Duraclean Dealers for servicing. Key trade magazines as *Interiors*, *Floor Covering Profits*, *Furniture Retailer*, *Cleaning & Laundry Age*, are a few of many used in targeting local retailers to become your agents.



Start Part-Time If Employed

Even if you are now employed, you may start enjoying the financial independence of your OWN business. Many dealers start part-time, and as they expand their operation beyond what they can service on a sparetime basis, they switch to full-time. Later they expand further by hiring servicemen. This could be your pattern for success.

You will receive local training with an established dealer and at our 5-day, 50-hour factory training school. Thus, under our guidance, you become an expert in the care of rugs and upholstery, a profession for which there is now great demand.

Alert dealers can gross \$9.00 hourly, plus \$6.00 on each serviceman at national price scale. You enjoy big profits on both materials and labor. Everything furnished to get you started.

Six Ways to Make Money

A Duraclean Dealership qualifies you to offer six different services. Thus on many jobs you multiply profits.

1. **Duraclean:** Unique ABSORPTION process for cleaning and reviving rugs, carpets, upholstery. Recommended by leading stores and manufacturers. No scrubbing, soaking, shrinkage. Aerated foam manufactured by portable electric Foamovator safely removes dirt, grease, unsightly spots. Dries so fast customers use furnishings in a few hours.
2. **Durashield:** Soil-retarding treatment that keeps furnishings clean MONTHS longer. Applied after cleaning, this invisible film protects each fiber from dirt.
3. **Duraproof:** Protects against damage by moths, carpet beetles. Only such treatment backed by 6-year Warranty!
4. **Duraguard:** A flame-proofing treatment which reduces fire damage by retarding charring and tendency of fires to flame up. Theaters, restaurants, hotels, homes, offer huge potential.
5. **Spotcraft:** Special chemical products which enable you to handle most all spot or staining problems.
6. **Carpet Repair:** Special tools and know-how equip you to provide this specialized service.

What Dealers Say

W. Lookiebill (St. Louis): My 28th year! Began during depression and built business on good service.



D. Chilcott (N. Platte): Duraclean say gross \$9.00 per hour. I gross up to \$12.00. Many dealers do much better.



M. Lyons (Chgo): 3rd year should hit \$100,000; 2nd was \$60,000; 1st \$40,000. Hdqrs help make it possible.



E. Roddey (Hampton, Va.): Did \$600.00 first 12 days in January. My business keeps growing each month.

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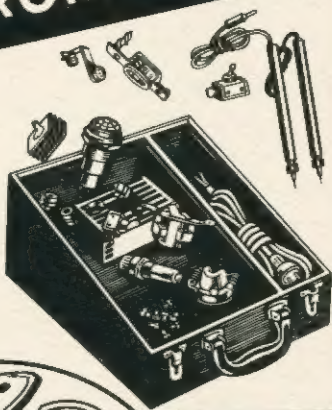
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DECEMBER 1960

Vol. 1, No. 9

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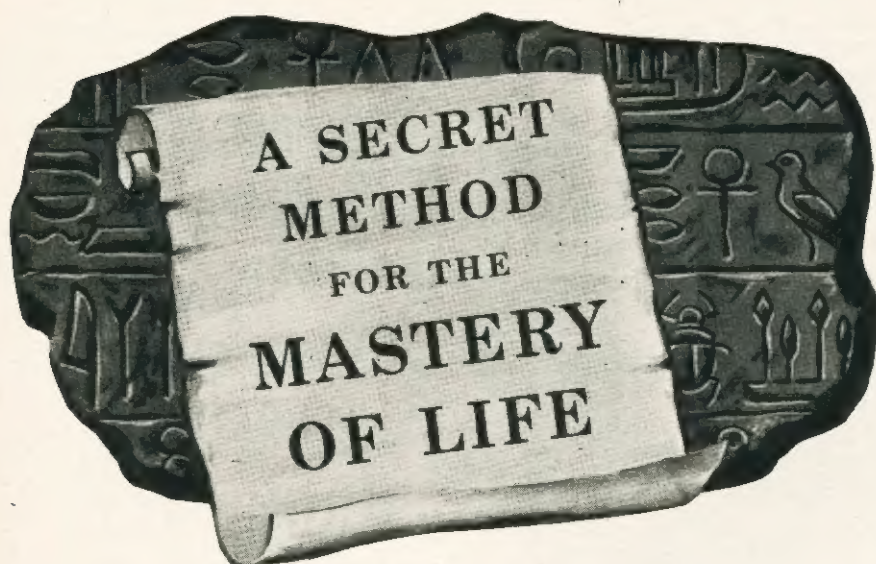
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WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilization began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with naught they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first sciences and arts. Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea, or were they touched with Infinite inspiration? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

Today it is known that they discovered and learned to interpret certain *Secret Methods* for the development of their inner power of mind. They learned to command the inner forces within their own beings, and to master life. This secret art of living has been preserved and handed down throughout the ages. Today it is extended to those who dare to use its profound principles to meet and solve the problems of life in these complex times.

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GIRL OF THE MONTH

MAN'S DARING is proud to present Miss Marisa Alassio as our choice for the month. One of the beauties of this age, Marisa is admired by men from all corners of the earth. We were able to obtain some fine new pictures of her and they are on view on pages 14 and 15 for your looking pleasure.

In addition, we have the beautiful Lorraine Crawford, **MAKING LIKE A MERMAID**; Trudy Williams, **THE SUN GODDESS**; and Dodo D'Hambourg.

The articles in this issue of **MAN'S DARING** are, we believe, the most exciting and entertaining that can be found anywhere. We welcome your comments. Tell us about the features that you like best and we will do our utmost to continue to please you.

We are exceptionally proud of the fine illustrations in this issue. Many of America's foremost artists are represented.

But, most of all, we're proud of our selection of beautiful girls. Look and see what we mean.



Dodo D'Hambourg



"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, *How to Gain a Command of Good English*, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. E-9312, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

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OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

by Ralph Saunders



EVERYONE—men, that is—think women talk a lot. To be perfectly honest about it, they do, and it can get pretty tiresome, unless you devise a system to cope with it. That, fellow sufferers, is exactly what one of the Editors of TELL has done. After long years of painstaking, and sometimes painful research, which includes four wives and seven stretches in alimony jail, he has discovered a great secret which he is now sharing with the world.

It's really quite simple, once you analyze the problem. As any male past the age of puberty knows, there is no way to make a femme stop talking; this is a hopeless proposition. Once you accept that fact, there is only one alternative:

Selective listening!

The trick is to let the babes talk to their ever-lovin' hearts' content, but tune out everything they say unless it pleases, intrigues, or titillates you.

For example, in Europe last summer I met an ex-boyfriend of Brigitte Bardot's in the south of France, where he was resting up. BB, he told me, is no exception to the rule. This kid talks up a storm, and even with a dish like her, it can get to be too much. What, I asked her old flame, does she talk about?

He threw up his hands, "*Mon Dieu!* What does she *not* talk about!" He went on to say she chattered about movies, men, records, other women, jazz, pizza pies,

and you name it. "Can you imagine," he said to me, "in the middle of a discussion about De Gaulle one time, Brigitte suddenly cries out, 'I want to be simple, wild and sexy!'"

See what I mean? This joker missed the boat. In his place, I'd have let her rave her uncombed head off; the only thing I'd have tuned in would have been, "I want to be simple, wild and sexy!"

So now you wonder, How do you pick out what to listen to? Very simple. As a matter of fact, you are probably doing it already, another way. Think about a session you may have had with a chatterbox. Can you remember one thing that was said? You probably can, and that's the one thing you'd have tuned in, using the System.

Like a fellow I know who used



to work for M-G-M, till he decided to go straight. For years he was assigned to Liz Taylor, which is nice work if you can get it. But from what my friend says, she's no different from any other girl; she talks all the time. She even used to out-talk Mike Todd, and very few humans of any sex can make that statement.

Now every time I'd meet this fellow I would always ask him about his work, namely Elizabeth Taylor, and what does she gab about. You can believe it or not, but despite all the time he worked with this luscious dame, he could give me only one verbatim quote that stuck in his mind:

"I have the body of a woman," he remembers Liz saying, "and the emotions of a child."

There it is. This guy didn't realize he was doing it, but he was using my System. He was tuning her out.

Once you get the hang of the System it can remove a lot of the old irritation. Fact is, it can get to be fun; I'm building it into a part-time hobby: collecting quotes.

One part of my quote collection I call my "frank-and-earnest corner." I started sorting these out after hearing Jayne Mansfield scoff at the idea of wearing nightgowns. "I sleep in black satin sheets," she announced. "At bedtime I just spray different scents on different parts of me to make life more interesting." (Continued on page 41)



I Never Could Last, Then She Slipped Me a PARTY-TAB!

From a sagging washout to a glorious feeling of surging new lift within minutes, thanks to amazing Kurtis Party-Tabs!



I Was Always Bone Tired

My party life was a nightmare of frustration and disappointment, a bad dream that never ended. Nervous tensions from a tough day left me as limp as a rag. I'd rather sleep than enjoy even the most attractive invitations. I acted like an old man, a sagging washout, and whatever I tried didn't seem to help me a bit.

I Discover Kurtis Party-Tabs

It was one of those affairs I had looked forward to for a

long time. Instead of having the time of my life, I was exhausted. I never could last at a party.

Then she slipped me a Kurtis Party-Tab. "It's just not normal," she said, "for a man your age to poop-out at parties. Take a Kurtis Party-Tab just once and you'll never be without them again."

What happened truly amazed and surprised me. Within minutes my feeling of fatigue vanished. I experienced that welcome "Party-Tab" alert



feeling that made me ready, willing and able to have a good time. We were delighted.

I now enjoy one invitation after another, confident that if I ever feel that awful drooping, temporary let-down, Kurtis Party-Tabs will give me a quick, more exhilarating "lift" to see me through.

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Not A Dangerous Drug Or Pep Pill

Unlike certain harmful drugs and artificial stimulants, Kurtis Party-Tabs are so safe you can obtain them without a doctor's prescription...and you can use them again and again without the slightest danger, with no possibility of it becoming habit forming.

Amazing Results Or Your Money Back

Don't just take our word for it, discuss your problem with your doctor. In the privacy of your own doctor's office, show him the list of ingredients as shown on the Kurtis Party-Tab label and ask him any and all questions. See if the remarkable Kurtis Party-Tab formula isn't everything we said and even more. Ask your doctor quite frankly how and why Party-Tabs may help you do what you want to do, when you want to do it, and help you feel excitingly alert, fresh and vibrant.

Why suffer any longer? Don't put it off for another day, another minute, start enjoying the wonderful awakening of Kurtis Party-Tabs right now! You must feel the benefits. You must join all the others who say that here, at last, is what I have been looking for. You must be enthused, delighted with the results or you haven't risked one cent because, if you are not, every penny you have spent will be refunded to you immediately; no questions asked, no explanations necessary. Yes, we are that sure you will be completely satisfied!

A Once In A Lifetime Introductory Offer

This fabulous introductory offer is available to you once and one time only, but you must act now! When regular distribution of Kurtis Party-Tabs starts in your area, the price may be considerably higher. But, if you send in your order before regular distribution starts, you may purchase genuine Kurtis Party-Tabs direct by mail from the manufacturer. Even more important, as an established direct customer, you can continue to enjoy these fantastic direct-by-mail savings.

You can now purchase the 15 individual unit size for only \$5.00; the economy 40 individual unit size for only \$10.00. Remember, these are genuine Kurtis Party-Tabs (not a cheap imitation), furnished in easy-to-take, ready to use individual tablets to be taken with water just like an ordinary tablet.

Now, thrill to an exciting new party life from the very moment you take your first Kurtis Party-Tab. Send in your order today, you'll be amazed at the results.

KURTIS PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 365
5880 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California

FREE! PERSONAL WALLET SIZE CARRY-
ING CASE IF YOU ORDER NOW!

SEND THIS SPECIAL NO-RISK COUPON

KURTIS PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 365
5880 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California

Please rush my supply of Kurtis Party-Tabs at once. I enclose

\$ _____ () cash, () check, () money order.
I understand that I will receive, absolutely free, the personal wallet size carrying case with my order. If, for any reason, I am not completely thrilled and delighted with the results, I can return the unused portion for a complete and immediate refund. (Check the size desired.)

- ☐ 15-Unit Size, Kurtis Party-Tabs (\$ 5.00)
☐ 40-Unit Size, Kurtis Party-Tabs (\$10.00)

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

SENT IN PLAIN WRAPPER



(Kurtis Party-Tabs are recommended for adult use only)



She promised a paradise of love and freedom in the sun but now we were her slaves with our lives at stake . . .

by DUNWOODIE HALL

THE name of Baroness Eloise Wehrborn is now virtually forgotten in the dusty pages of history. Yet a little over a quarter of a century ago this voluptuous noblewoman from Vienna shocked European high-hats first as a sexy belly dancer in the cabarets of every capital city and then as the self-appointed Empress of a Pacific island which she ruled with a Colt .45 slung around her curvy waist.

No story in the annals of violence can match the fantastic and bizarre account of the itchy-fingered Baroness who turned her tropical paradise in the Galapagos Islands into a hell-hole of murder and lust. From her crude castle of stones, clay and

palm logs, Eloise ruled like a female Napoleon, brandishing the ugly .45 with which she shot to death a number of victims in her mad drive for power.

From the time she was 16, Eloise was a problem child to the Austrian family that boasted of an old noble lineage. Instead of finishing her education at the convent, she escaped and set her sights on Paris. There in the Left Bank she achieved a kind of notoriety with her escapades among the cult of free-love practitioners. The Wehrborn nobles in time managed to drag her back to Vienna in an effort to square the family's good name.

But there was no denying the rambunctious young Baroness. She became involved in one scandal after another until (Continued on page 50)

THE LUST-MAD EMPRESS OF GALAPAGOS

Life was becoming more unbearable for us as time passed until she had made us her slaves.



GIRL OF THE MONTH

Marisa Alasio is rising to stardom all over the world. She is becoming as well known in America as in her native Italy. Born in Turino, only twenty-three years ago, she is the daughter of one of the best known football coaches in Italy. Marisa has made many movies and has been seen on TV often. Her lovely features have graced the covers of over twenty Italian magazines. Is it any wonder that we predict big things for our GIRL OF THE MONTH.



LOVE LOTTERIES- America's Newest Vice

A new sex gimmick is growing alarmingly fast. Here is an exclusive report on our latest vice scandal!

By Martin Bond

MAN'S DARING assigned a Special Investigator to find the truth behind one of America's burgeoning sin scandals, one that at first crept across the nation and then, suddenly, rocketed in popularity in the last six months. Here is his report:

IT ALL STARTED WITH the hard-bitten sales manager of a national corporation who was looking for a new gimmick to prod his sales to greater heights. The device he settled on was the oldest prize in existence—sex. And the method he came up with for using it has spread like a disease.

His gimmick is now used at many sales conventions across the nation. Business corporations grabbed it for the sales booster it is. Its name? **THE LOVE LOTTERY.** The way it works? Simple. Chances, or raffle tickets, are sold for anywhere from \$1 to \$10 each. The winning number, pulled out of a goldfish bowl, gets a female weekend companion, all expenses paid. The orgy is put in the capable hands of a professional-pleaser in a posh luxury resort, and she is his to do with as he pleases, to possess from late Friday afternoon to Sunday night—when the winning ticket holder has to return to his normal existence and the family hearth. He has to leave behind the prize he dare not take home.

THIS REPORTER has been digging for the last two months on this story. We've talked with holders of winning raffle tickets, with the girls involved, and with the sales managers who have been staging most of the taffey pulls. Their combined story is hot enough to sizzle the paper this article is printed on.

The sales manager of a national corporation, doing business with the Army and the Federal Government, as well as with private industry, agreed to talk to this reporter when he got the assurance that his name would not be used and that his firm would not be identified. According to him, the love lottery racket is the answer to a sales manager's prayer.

"We used to run sales contests," he told us, "to keep our men on the ball. The prizes we offered were

anything from a cruise on a luxury liner down to the Bahamas or Bermuda or a flight and all-expense-paid stay at a Florida hotel for two weeks. The men who turned in the best sales records were the winners—and we paid for their wives, too, on the assumption their women would push them into pressing harder so they could go away for a free vacation.

"But it didn't work out the way we planned. Our top salesmen started to scream. They buttonholed me on the side. What was the use of knocking themselves out to win, they asked me, if they had to drag the old lady along on what was supposed to be a prize vacation? They didn't need any more nagging. They were sick of the wife by the time the contest ended. What they wanted was to break out, to get a change.

"We found ourselves giving prizes out while our sales curve was nosing down.

"That's when we heard about the love-lottery-sales-booster at a sales manager's convention in Atlantic City. We recognized a good thing just as soon as we saw it. I tried it out myself so I would know what I was dealing with—and what a winner would get—and it was heaven for a weekend.

"We set it up so that now a man has the opportunity to win the prize of a weekend with a girl we provide.

"And believe me, the girls we get are only the best. They are top dollar beauties. Educated, first rate backgrounds. They're almost like geisha girls in the skill and experience they have in pleasing a man and making him want to live and sell forever. As a matter of fact, speaking of geishas, we're investigating the Japanese angle right now. We may go into the importing end on this weekend girl business."

THROUGH OUR CONTACT with this sales manager, this reporter was able to set up an interview with one of the weekend pleasure-for-pay girls. We went into that interview under the misapprehension the girls were being taken advantage of, that they were the victims in this newest of the sex rackets.

"I can't kick," one pert (Continued on page 62)

26543

THE BIGGEST RAFFLE OF

1960

A WEEK-END OF PLEASURE
All Entertainment and Expenses Included

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____



PRISONERS OF THE AFRICAN NAPOLEON

THE DREADED SAKA HAD US IN THEIR POWER

By Hartley Davis Telon

(Editor's note: This episode is taken from the diaries of Senor and Senora Esterdo. Their personal papers were recently discovered in the 17th-century villa they occupied from 1827 until their deaths in 1846 and 1859 respectively. Before her marriage to Senor Esterdo, the sailor in the story, Senora Esterdo was Senorita Maria Roca. . . . They met on the voyage described!)

*Thou that art permanent as the mountains!
Thou that art intrepid as the earth!
Thou that art great as the seas!
Thou that art vast as the sky!
Thou who growest while others shrink!
Thou who art magic itself!
Thou who art bravest and mightiest!
Thou who art Shaka!
Hear, oh hear!*

THE SUPPLICATION had a familiar ring. Shaka wanted blood. He frequently wanted it. Any strong emotion—anger, remorse, sorrow, shame—he drowned in blood. Someone else's blood.

When his mother died, Shaka had 7,000 of his subjects beheaded. When one of his armies lost a battle, the survivors were often slain to the last man.

Because of Shaka's terrible wrath, every man, woman, and child in the village would have their eyes on the topmost point of the heavens, praying to be spared, but waiting to be singled out for death none the less.

All the tales I'd heard in Capetown and elsewhere on the Portuguese trading routes were true! The blood thirst of the man was insatiable!

I took advantage of the covering sound of the thousands of voices raised in praise and prayer, and of the averted faces raised to the heavens, to attack my guards.

They stood on either side of the entrance to the beehive-shaped hut where I was held. They'd been caught in the chanting and I took them by surprise. Before they knew what was happening, I snatched one of their swords—a wicked thing of fire-hardened iron wood—and swung it with all my might. The blade buried itself in the native's head, causing him to drop like a stone.

The other guard was not so easily taken. He lunged for me, sword aloft, frenzy in his eye. Blade met

blade. The force of the blow sent numbness tingling up my arm. It was all I could do to move the sword around to keep it between the slashing blade of the guard and my own thin tattooed hide. I had to retreat; the brute strength of the man was overpowering. Step by step he was forcing me back toward the hut, hacking and swinging with the savage brutality of the Zulu warrior he was.

I could see his black face grinning evilly around white shining teeth. Each slashing blow stung my hand like molten lead. I could hardly force myself to hold on to the sword!

Still he pressed me backward. His pattern of swinging first from the right and then from the left made it seem easy for me to parry his thrusts, but just as I was sure he would continue his alternate strokes, he thrust at me head on. It caught me off guard. The edge of his blade plunged deep into my shoulder.

A gaudy spasm of pain splashed over my mind. Instinct and intuition caused me to attack while I still had the strength to do so. Without heed for his strength or for his sword, I leaped at him. His powerful figure was a big target and I didn't miss. The edge of my sword flicked along the length of his arm, slicing cleanly through the black skin and red flesh and exposing a long slender white shaft of bone underneath.

Blood splattered wildly and I saw the look of surprise that pain brought to his face. But in the next instant, the weapon in his hand smashed edge-on against the flat of my blade, shattering it into jagged splinters. I jammed what was left of it at his face, but felt his sword rake my knuckles and watched horrified as my weapon spun away from me.

He drew back and began a round-house blow at my head.

I'd seen those very iron-wood blades decapitate men. In that moment, I was ready to plead for Shaka's mercy.

(Continued on page 42)



Now It Can Be Told

DID CASTRO WANT TO CAPTURE AADLAND FROM FLYNN?

Why did Cuba's Dictator "play down" Errol's part in the revolution? Was it because he couldn't get anywhere with the screen hero's delicious protege?



EDITOR'S NOTE: Senor Jose Contreras was one of Cuban Dictator Fidel Castro's press-relations-aides from 1957 until mid-1959.

Like many long-time Castro supporters, he believes that the man who had been Cuba's "liberator" is selfishly seeking great power.

Contreras broke with Castro in July, 1959. Barely escaping with his life, he fled from Cuba. He sought—and obtained political asylum in Venezuela, where he now lives on a ranch outside the town of Valencia.

In this exclusive, copyrighted article, Jose Contreras TELLS the sensational, sizzling story of Fidel Castro's interest in Errol Flynn's gorgeous protege—the then 16-year-old Beverly Aadland.

Contreras also reveals—for the first time—the inside story of why Flynn's participation in the Cuban Revolution was "played down" by the Castro forces. He exposes the reasons why Fidel Castro gave orders to belittle Flynn's part in the revolution.



Mix a playboy-adventurer with a violent revolutionist; then add a gorgeous teenage filly.

EXCLUSIVE TO MAN'S DARING

THOSE OF US WHO KNEW FIDEL CASTRO well suspected that he would do something when Errol Flynn and his lovely young companion, Beverly Aadland, arrived in Cuba.

I realized what it was he wanted as soon as he called me to the school house he was then using as his headquarters.

"Arrange for me to meet the American actor, Flynn—and his protege, the Aadland girl," Castro ordered. I saw that he had a United States magazine on the table before him. It was opened to a page on which appeared a large photograph of Flynn and Beverly Aadland.

I said that I would do what I could.

"You'll arrange a meeting!" Castro snapped. It was a command.

There was no doubt that Fidel Castro wanted to

meet the girl. He always wanted to meet girls—particularly young ones. If they "belonged" to someone else—it mattered little. His ego, his conceit were inflated and flattered by the knowledge that he was a daring revolutionary leader and could take any woman away from her man.

As I turned to leave, Fidel Castro stopped me.

"Oh, yes. One thing more," he told me. "I want you to make up a dossier for me on this Errol Flynn. Gather together all the information you can about him."

"Si," I nodded. "It will be easy enough. I have only to obtain clippings from the newspaper files in Camaguey."

Again, I understood. It was a familiar maneuver of Castro's. He always insisted on having a complete dossier—a file—on a person he wanted to meet, and from whom he wanted something. His shrewd, calculating brain digested all the information, found the

Castro Continued

individual's strong and weak points, determined his "price."

"All men have a price," is one of Fidel Castro's favorite maxims.

As I had expected, the Camaguey newspaper offices were able to provide me with thick envelopes that bulged with what Americans call "morgue" clippings about Errol Flynn. The editors were glad to cooperate and turn them over to me, for by then our revolutionary forces controlled Camaguey.

I sifted through the clippings myself, sorting out those I believed my Chief would want, tossing aside those that were of no particular interest. As I read through the clips, I formed a fairly complete picture of the film star in my own mind. . . .

A bottle-scarred swashbuckler and indefatigable Casanova off the screen as well as on it, Errol Flynn was a man who liked his whisky aged and his women young.

He managed to get plenty of both during his rough-and-tumble lifetime. Sometimes, he got more than he could properly handle—but he never seemed to care.

To Flynn, life was a great Rabelaisian joke. He could—and did—laugh lustily even when he was, being booked for drunkenness, sued for alimony or child-support or brought to trial for rape!

He had a long record of arrests for drunkenness and for brawling, I noted. I was amused that he had even gotten in trouble with Cuban police—in Havana in 1937. He had practically wrecked a Havana cafe in the course of a gigantic fight with several other patrons.

Flynn had been married three times—first to actress Lili Damita, then to Nora Eddington and

Flynn and his shapely protege are shown making his last picture in Cuba at height of the revolution.



Cuba's Boss won't stand for any opposition. He takes what he wants and no one can deny him.

finally to Patrice Wymore. He had been in trouble on morals charges at least twice.

In 1943, he was charged with statutory rape against two teenaged girls. In 1951, he was accused of having raped a 15-year-old girl in Monte Carlo. He was cleared of all these charges, however.

Apparently, Flynn was heavily in debt. From the clippings, I learned that he evidently owed back-alimony and child-support payments to his wives and children. Even greater were his tax debts to the United States Government.

At last, I worked my way through the clippings and reached the more recent ones, those that dealt with his friendship with Beverly Aadland.

The girl was then 16. She had been Flynn's "protege" for about a year—which meant that she had been only 15 when he first met her on a Warner Brothers motion picture studio set.

Miss Aadland's photographs showed that she was very beautiful, a girl with a lovely face and a gorgeous body. She was no beginner, despite her age. She had won a "Miss Teen Age America" contest when she was only 13—and a total of a dozen other beauty contests as well.

I read the gossip columnists in the United States had found it remarkable that she had remained Flynn's protege as long as she had. Flynn's relationships with his teen-aged proteges were usually short-lived affairs.

I compiled all the data, condensed it into a report which I took back to Fidel Castro.

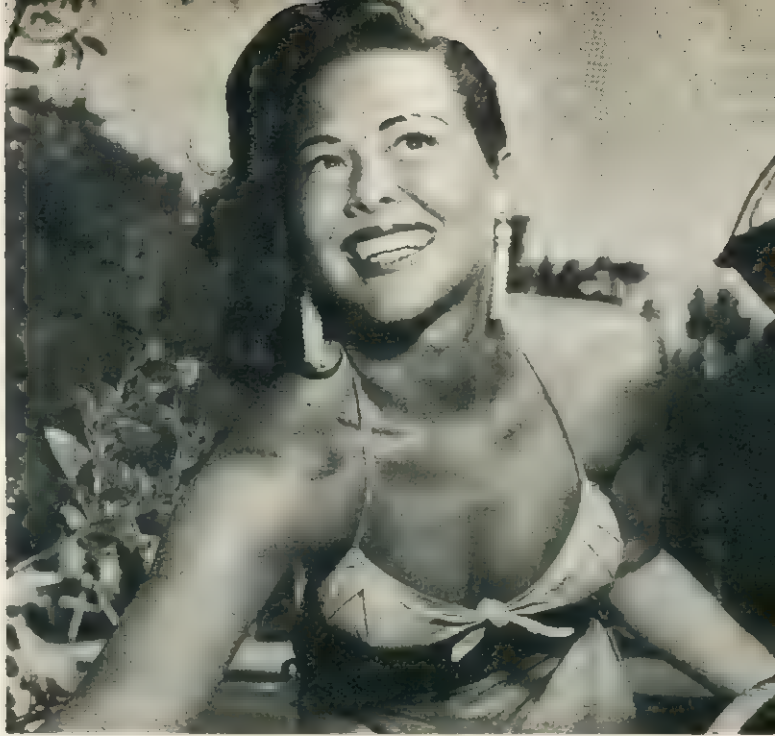
This was, of course, in December, 1958, before Castro launched the final offensive that crushed Fulgencio Batista's government forces and brought the revolution to a triumphant conclusion in January, 1959.

(Continued on page 54)



THE SUN GODDESS

OUT Hollywood way, Trudy Williams is considered to have one of the most perfect figures in the movie colony. It isn't hard to see why. Trudy is originally from Canada. Being half Indian and half Irish has added a great deal to her lovely charms. Her coloring is a joy to behold; light blue smiling Irish eyes and skin a shimmering bronze. These add up to fascinating beauty and a guarantee of success for Trudy!





THE HORRIBLE TORTURES OF HISTORY

Man has often used terrible devices to inflict pain upon his fellow man.
The Virgin's Kiss, The Rack, The Boot all meant slow death.

By Joseph L. Carston

THIS VIRGIN was never a lass with a delicate air! She was made of sheet metal, in the shape of a mummy case, slit down the front and hinged on the sides so she opened up. And she was hollow, except for innumerable sharp spikes around the areas of the chest, abdomen and eyes.

If you were clasped to her breast in an embrace of horror, a "Kiss of the Virgin" it was called, the spikes penetrated your body and eyes slowly and deeply or in quick shallow thrusts, depending upon the whim and purpose of your torturer—and his concept of your crime.

This monstrous virgin was not made in heaven. She was first constructed, it is believed, in Spain during the latter part of the Inquisition. But she found her way into Germany and there enjoyed her liveliest time. She was usually installed above a trap door below which was a dungeon chamber. After your ordeal in the virgin's excruciating embrace, you were released (sometimes still alive) to plunge into the dungeon and come to rest upon a waiting cradle of swords!



MAN'S ABILITY throughout history to create such fantastic and diabolic instruments of torture is a testament both to his imagination and to his bestial impulses. Many psychopathologists believe every human being possesses a certain capacity for cruelty.

The difference between sadism and general cruelty should be made clear in order to appreciate the fundamental approaches to torture.

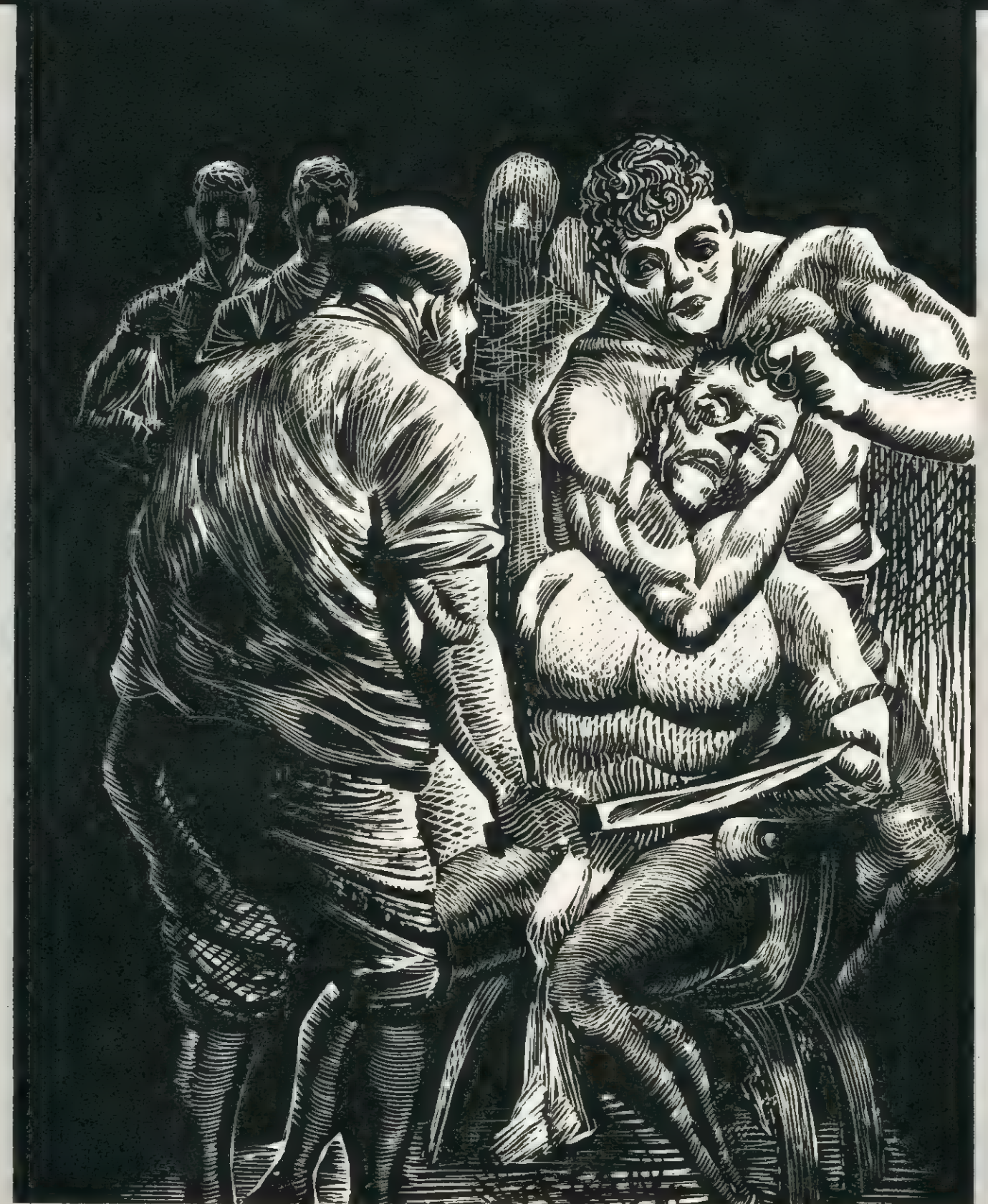
Sadism, a relatively modern word, is actually as old as man. It is a macabre extension of a very natural aspect of our lives. Described by the great German neurologist, Krafft-Ebing, as "The tendency to cause pain to the sexual object," it begins at the point where a kiss, in the throes of sexual excitement, becomes a love-bite; and it ends, with unfortunate frequency, in mutilation and murder. The sadist enjoys, and therefore practices or witnesses, cruelty for the purpose of sexual excitement.

Cruelty itself, however, is a much more general term. It may be for sadistic purposes, but more often it has been designed as punishment for the breaking of moral, political or religious laws—and its infliction is for the purpose of instruction, retribution, or gaining information.

SADISTIC TORTURE methods have always centered on mutilation has historically been the principal capitulation, amputation and castration as their objectives.

The more general forms of torture involve such creative inventions as thumbscrews, the boot, the pulley, the gibbet, the wheel, the rack, the boat, the ducking-stool, the frying pan, boiling oil, boiling lead, stoning, flaying, branding, burning, drawing and quartering, live-hanging, the iron gauntlets, the "dice," the pendulum, the pillory, the scold's bridle, scalping, the treadmill, the long chain, the scavenger's daughter, and the virgin's kiss. In dealing out pain, man's imagination has always soared!

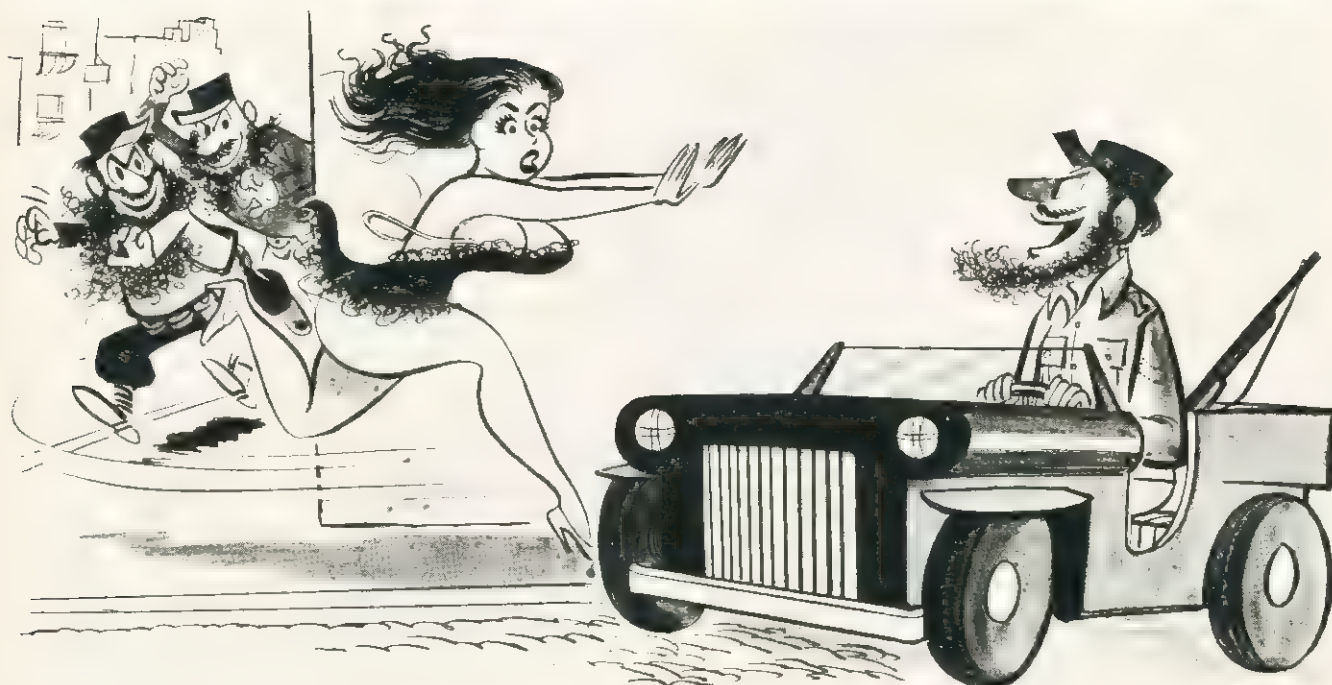
AMONG SAVAGE and very primitive cultures, mutilation has historically been the principal method of punishment, with castration being more extensive than any other form (removing the tongue and eyes is runner-up). The torture of castration is, of course, twofold: the (Continued on page 56)





"Let's hope with that they will become friendly with us again."

SOUTH OF THE BORDER



"Want to hide in my car?"



"Maria, here is the list of our enemies—go to Havana and run their health down."



"Never—I've already been to Havana."



"Now is more easy to get a man!"

THE BLOODIEST GANGSTER KILLINGS

MURDER WAS THEIR BUSINESS AND THEIR PLEASURE.

By Joseph L. Carston

THERE PROBABLY NEVER has been a better way for three gangsters to get themselves nice and killed than the method employed by the Shapiro brothers who ruled a section of the underworld in Brooklyn three decades ago. They were Meyer, Irv, and Willie—kingpins of Brownsville and East New York. Tough, fearless and ruthless, they controlled the lucrative gambling and prostitution rackets in those dark, slum-

ridden, gangster-breeding sections of New York City.

How did they manage to convert themselves so swiftly from top hoods into cadavers?

It was really very easy. Their leader, Meyer, mugged and raped a shellacked-blond floosie whose current boy-friend was a neighboring gangster who just happened to be plotting a deadly rendezvous with the Shapiro brothers at that very time. In fact, that is

In attempting to escape from the Half Moon Hotel, Abe Reles fell to his death through this window.





Reles' body being placed in an ambulance

why the brothers decided the girl should be roughed up and raped—they weren't in the least interested in her, they just wanted to put her boy-friend on notice that they were ready for a showdown of strength!

"There she is," Meyer muttered to himself as he cruised down a street of neighborhood stores. He had been looking for her all evening.

She walked along with a casual swing to her hips, her chin up, her chest out. It was easy to see from her gait that she was getting to be somebody in Brownsville. Didn't she already have jewelry and pretty clothes to show for her ability to attract one of the up-and-coming gangsters of Brooklyn? She certainly did; and his name was Kid Twist. (Abe Reles, if you read the papers then, or ten years and a thousand killings later when he blew the whistle on Murder, Inc.)

Meyer Shapiro pulled to the curb, and spoke to her. "Hey, sweetheart!" he called.

She stopped and turned around. "Yeah, who are you?" she asked.

He got out of the car and walked around to her. "I'm a friend of the Kid's," he said. "Somethin's up—come with me."

"Yeah," she said reluctantly, "what's up?"

"C'mon," he said, taking her by the arm. He shoved her into his car and hurried back to the other side, getting in and driving away before she had time to think about what was happening.

"Hey, you!" she said, beginning to realize that she

was being taken for a ride. Meyer back-handed her in the face, and she cursed him roundly—in a manner befitting the sweetheart of the Kid.

As Meyer drove toward a lonely, desolate spot on the outskirts of Brownsville, she fought, bit, screamed, scratched and kicked. But Shapiro was a burly, strong-armed character, quite accustomed to physically persuading both men and women to his viewpoint. He clobbered her good, even before he raped her. Then he beat her unmercifully in the face and neck. His fists closed both her eyes and split her lips. In fact, he beat her until she no longer had the strength to cry out in pain.

"Now, sweetheart," he said to her, "I want you to tell the Kid that Meyer Shapiro did this to you. Tell him I'll be looking for a chance to work him over, if he's got the guts to show his face."

Then he kicked her out of his car and left her lying beside the dark street!

WHAT MEYER did not know was that Kid Twist was not just an impudent punk trying to muscle in on Brownsville's profitable business. He was part of a budding new order of underworld terror. The Kid was heading a mob of punks who were ready to grow into something really big. They were Buggsy Goldstein, The Dasher Abbabando (who got his name running the bases at the Elmira Reformatory), Happy Maione, Joey Silvers, George DeFeo, Pittsburg Phil,



The Half Moon Hotel in Coney Island from which "Kid Twist" fell 6 floors to his death.

A victim of the Brooklyn Murder Syndicate is unearthed from a shallow grave.



Socko Gurino, and Louis Capone (no relation to Scarface Al in Chicago).

The Kid made plans to get Meyer first, then Irv and Willie. But Joey Silvers ratted his plans to the Shapiros, and for his trouble he was the first one killed. The Kid and Hap backed him up against a building one dark and otherwise pleasant evening and blew his head almost off his shoulders.

Then they went looking for Meyer. Their underworld intelligence forces had tracked the Shapiro brothers to a resort in the Catskills, and had sent word that the three would be returning to a card game in Brownsville at approximately a certain time. Kid Twist and company were ready. They recognized Meyer's car when he drove up.

They hid themselves (The Kid and the Dasher this time, with the others covering half a block away in each direction) inside the vestibule to wait for Meyer to enter the building. At the last moment, however, Meyer decided to forego the card game for a Turkish bath. It was Irv who walked into the ambush while Meyer was driving away to relax himself in the steam rooms.

The Kid fired instantly, hitting Irv in the head. Then the Dasher pumped a couple of shots into him—one in the head and one in the spine. Irv pitched forward, turned crazily to his side, and went down in his own blood.

The Kid and the Dasher stood over him and poured a total of eighteen slugs into his body.

JUST HOW the Kid felt about his mistreated mistress during the following sixty-nine days is not recorded, but that's how long it took him to find Meyer. The mob spotted the elder Shapiro brother in a bar and sent word to the Kid, who quickly summoned Happy and Bugsy to his assistance.

They picked Meyer up as he left the bar and took him across the river into Manhattan where, near the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, he was found at dawn the next morning with his blood mostly out on the sidewalk beside an old tenement building. A single bullet hole was through his left ear into his brain.

Willie Shapiro was spotted in a few days and taken to a bar and grill on Rockaway Avenue where the mob hung out on occasion. It was decided to have done with Willie in the grand style. Everybody was in on this one. The Kid, the Dasher, Hap, Pittsburg, Socko, and Louie.

They took turns beating him, with Socko (who weighed 265 pounds) actually breaking one of his arms. They mauled him and kicked him until they decided he was dead. At any rate, they were tired.

"He's croaked," Happy announced after a brief examination. So they shoved him into a huge laundry bag and carted him outside to a car and carried him to the sand pits on the Canarsie Flats and buried him.

And they were only amused later when Willie was found. It seems that, from the Medical Examiner's report, Willie was buried alive. There was sand in his lungs!

It may be said that the rape of Reles' girl-friend solidified a sprawling (Continued on page 64)



Making Like a Mermaid

Pretty Lorraine Crandford looks as alluring as any Mermaid we may have dreamed of. She has a haunting beauty that seems to go with the sea. Her graceful charms are as much appreciated on the stage as on the beach, however. So, Lorraine has no trouble finding work as a showgirl. But, we still like to believe that her first love is the beach and the sea.







CRUSHED BY THE CONGO MONSTERS

**The tortured screams were driving me insane
but I was caught in the coils of the monster
and she was squeezing me to death.**

By RANDY NELSON

WITHOUT WARNING the giant man-eating python dropped from its arboreal nest in the huge moss-covered tree just ahead of me, reared back on its massive coiled body, and struck viciously with its tremendous head and wide gaping jaws at Koola, my gun bearer and tracker.

I had thought we had been tracking the tremendously large python through the maddeningly hot tropical rain forest of the Congo—but, in reality, the gigantic snake had been hunting us down, and lying in wait to slaughter us, and eat us while we were still alive!

Blood spurted from Koola's shoulder as the vicious python sank its strong, razor-sharp teeth into my boy's flesh, and I knew that one of the main arteries in the black's body had been severed—it would be only a matter of minutes before he bled to death.

Koola screamed in horrible agony. "Oh, bwana, bwana, save Koola!"

But, I was helpless—Koola had been carrying my Mannlicher slung over his shoulder and even as he screamed in terrible pain I saw the giant snake wrap itself twice around his body, and around the rifle! Before I could move I heard the crack as the wooden stock split in half, and I saw it fall into two useless pieces.

"Get back, Diane!" I cried to my French mistress who was only a few feet behind me on the trail. "Get back—don't let that monster grab you, too!"

"Coward!" she cried. "Are you afraid of a snake, something that should be destroyed and wiped from the face of the earth for all time?"

Before I could stop her Diane darted past me, running a few steps up the trail, closer to Koola—and closer to that lithe giant body that (Continued on page 47)



MOODY LADY





DODO D'HAMBOURG

Introducing Dodo D'Hambourg, a lovely fraulein from Hamburg, Germany. Dodo's name doesn't fit her too well because she's anything but that. She's a dancer and an actress and has starred in many European films.





(Continued from page 10)

Here is where I also keep the startling remark made a few years ago by glamorous high fashion model Dorian Leigh: "I'd rather have a baby than a mink coat."

She did it, too, with an assist from a mere man.

Then there is Kim Novak's forthright admission, "I was an ugly teenager." But baby, look at her now.

What could be more candid than Marilyn Monroe's dismissal of sunbathing? Said MM: "I like to be blonde all over."

And Polly Adler, who can speak with authority on the subject, said, "Sin is not always fun."

And for deep thinking, we dare you to top this one, by Eva Gabor: "I'm glad I'm a woman. As Grandpa used to say, 'Always be satisfied with your own sex, or you'll never be satisfied with anyone else's!'"

Sarah Churchill can outtalk her old man, but the only thing that sticks in the mind is when she said: "We have really everything in common with America nowadays," said Sarah, "except, of course, the language."

For the earthy type, you can't top volatile Anna Magnani, whose scrambled syntax had me rocking for a couple of hours one night, until she summed it all up in a line: "I like to suffer and to joy and that's life!"

The language barrier doesn't slow up Magnani's fellow Roman, Sophia Loren, either. Sophia can gab with the best of her sex and if you try to stay with her all the way, it's murder. But the System scored Sophia when she pronounced, "Too much money is enough."

You can use the System when you're reading what a doll writes, too. Take Eva Bartok, the Hungarian honey who played on-again, off-again footsie with the Marquess of Milford-Haven, to name just one



playmate, and who created something of an international sensation when she gave birth to a baby without benefit of clergy. She has yet to name the papa. Eva recently published her autobiography, some 60,000 words which left me unmoved, except for one remarkable statement. Wrote Eva Bartok: "The father of my baby was not a man."

You would never guess it to look at her, but Britain's blonde bombshell, Diana Dors, is a thinker, too. I'm not sure exactly what she thinks about, but she buttonholed a French

physicist and prattled on and on to the scientist about the virtues of disintegrating humanity with "clean" versus "dirty" H-bombs.

When she finally ran out of steam and paused, the Frenchman bowed gallantly and said, "*Mademoiselle*, if you only wore pants I would nominate you for a seat in the *Academie Francaise*."

Diana gave him a long, cool stare and asked, "And how do you know I don't wear pants?"

There's another gem I've been kicking around in my mind for a long time, the one line I can recall—without referring to notes—from listening to a three-hour monologue by Zsa Zsa Gabor. "Men," declared Zsa Zsa with deep conviction, "love with their eyes. Women love with their ears."

I can't help thinking that if this is something new, I prefer the old way.

The ears, however, are what started this thesis, and that brings me to my most recent ex-wife; more specifically, to a painful discussion I had with her a few days ago on the subject of alimony arrears. For a solid half hour she said not one word. I did all the talking, schmoosing her up, trying to take her mind off what I owed her. Finally she stabbed me with a frigid stare that froze my vocal chords.

"Darling," she said, "the secret word is 'money.' Until you say 'money,' I'm not hearing a word you say."

It wasn't the money exactly—what the hell, I didn't have it anyway. What really hurt was to have my own private System used on me. . . .



PRISONERS OF THE AFRICAN NAPOLEON

(Continued from page 18)

Not that there was such a thing. Indeed, he was the most cruel and savage chieftain ever to appear in Africa, or, for that matter, anywhere else.

FEW EUROPEANS ever knew the towering paroxysms of fury that sometimes engulfed southern Africa. In 1818, Shaka had been chief of the Zulus, a minor group under the general rule of Zwide, a Mtetwa warrior chief. Zwide taught Shaka to be fierce and brave and brutal.

Then in a fit of rage Shaka killed Zwide.

Immediately the Mtetwa tribe attacked the Zulus. Using his army of well trained Zulus, Shaka skillfully drew Zwide's army across lands he had devastated—much the way Napoleon or Attila might have done—until hunger and disease weakened the Mtetwas. Then with lightening speed, Shaka struck!

Captured warriors were impressed into Shaka's expanding Zulu ranks. Within four short years Shaka's armies ruled all of south-eastern Africa.

He introduced the pincer into African military tactics. He invented the short sword and trained his men in the use of this deadly hand-to-hand weapon rather than the spear—a spear can be dodged! He established a reserve force near at hand during military encounters so that fresh troops were available on whatever front weakened.

Native populations fled north into Tanganyika, northwest into the Congo basin, and west to the coast to escape his fury.

The very name "Shaka" caused natives all over Africa to cringe and grovel. His standing armies contained 80,000 men, and his reserves as many more.

Every sailor, myself included, who had ever been ashore in Capetown had heard stories about Shaka. It was sport to whisper his name in the market place and watch the natives disappear. We Portuguese didn't know how much to believe. We were men of the sea; nothing in southeastern Africa interested us; we were trading in India and the Spice Islands!

WE WERE TWO DAYS out of Capetown, hugging the shore to avoid the unpredictable winds of the horse latitudes and to pick up the south east trades as early as possible. The hold was filled with homespun—worth its weight in ivory and rubies—and glass geegaws—worth their weight and more in cinnamon, paprika, and vanilla. Forward, the crew's quarters were filled with some of the toughest sailors of the Portuguese trade routes. And the captain's cabin was filled with skirts and petticoats! Captain Roca had brought along the twin 17-year-old daughters born of his old age, lest they marry in his absence!

Except for myself, who had been Captain Roca's cabinboy for five years before becoming third mate and therefore had pretty much the run of the ship, no one saw much of the girls. For the most part they stayed in the captain's quarters. But the heat was so stifling that sometimes they came on deck. They were a beautiful brace of gazelles, and none of their comeliness was lost on the crew.

"Hartley, me boy," Squint commented once, "it's lucky thou art t' have free run of the ship." He grinned and winked. "And I'm happy to note ye use tha freedom wisely." He was letting me know that he realized just how much time I spent with the girls in their private quarters.

Still, even with women aboard, no one expected trouble.

Then, one of the water casks broke.

"Th' women is bringing the black luck, mark th' thought!" Squint, who spoke, didn't like women, didn't trust them; and the wives he had scattered in ports over the world undoubtedly gave him good reason to feel the way he did.

"Tain't the women, ye blooming idiot!" someone answered. "Can't ye read signs? The gulls have been flying straight into the wind for days! That's the omen! Means sure dcath!"

"Blast your gulls and good rid-dance. I say the women aboard are bringing the black luck."

A man who has never been to

sea may think such talk is silly superstition—but let him spend a year at sea, let him lie for seventeen days aallow in the calms the way I've done, and he'll think different.

Water casks don't break just because a ship gets old. They break because a particular voyage is jinxed, bedeviled. And it's a well known fact that women cause trouble, at sea or anywhere else!

We bailed out the water and took in enough sail to dry out the home-spun by stringing it out from the yard arms like so much bunting. We lost headway because of the reduced sail, but we were looking for water now, a settlement or a river, any sign that fresh water was available, so losing headway didn't matter.

We put into a cove, somewhere south of the thirtieth parallel. An off-shore breeze brought flies and mosquitoes in abundance. The mate and four deck-hands went ashore to find water. It was a quiet day. Too quiet. The timbers of the ship squeaked loudly with every swell. And it was hot. The heat in the captain's cabin must have been stifling. The twins appeared on deck; they were dressed in summer gowns of gossamer.

Every eye was on them. The rigging crew was idle. So, for the most part, were the deck hands. Every mind had the same idea. Even the attention of the look-out was drawn to them as they paraded their loveliness along the steaming deck. They were perfumed and blond and incredibly delicate.

If they had stayed inside, Shaka's men could never have taken us by surprise. But we were too preoccupied to notice the silent swimmers approaching through the dark swells.

I was overpowered from behind before I knew we had been boarded. The sailors who struggled were slain on the spot. The anchor chain was hacked loose and the ship allowed to drift toward the shore.

BY MID-AFTERNOON she was stranded by the outgoing tide and our captors began stripping her of iron. They took some of the cloth and some of the trinkets, then burned what was left, ship, cargo, corpses and all.

The rest of us, including the mate and four men who had gone for water, were marched together under the supervision of a warrior

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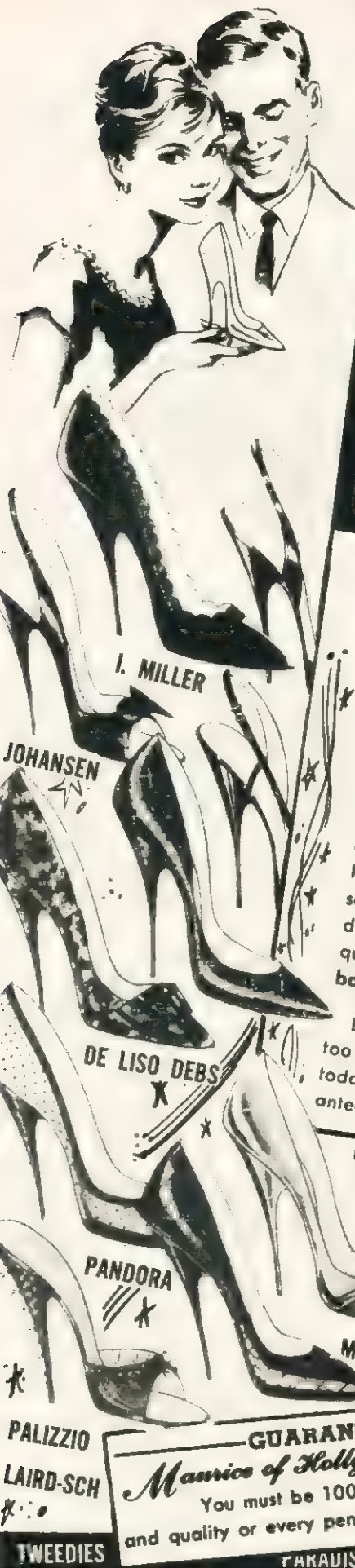
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guard toward Shaka's chief village. Most of the terrain consisted of low grassy hills. Three different times we came on villages where the people kept cattle in a central enclosure surrounded by the thatched huts of the village.

Then we came to the main village of Shaka's Zulu empire. More than two miles across, it was the headquarters of all Shaka's armies as well as the home of thousands of people. Shaka himself had a temple-like structure built high in the air on one side of the cattle enclosure. Off to one side were the huts of his many concubines.

The shrewd chieftain took one look at tattered remnants of our party and had his guards take the twins to his harem. The rest of us were to be killed.

I spoke up in an African tongue I'd learned some years earlier when I'd been shipwrecked on the coast farther north. (The only voyage I ever made under a skipper other than Captain Roca.) Ndwandwe is a tongue known on much of the coast—and if my guess was right, Shaka had passed through the region where it was spoken.

He was a tall, powerful bronze figure. Not black, but *bronze*! So were many of his generals. Like natives I had seen on Madagascar with skin colors similar to the Melanesians of the Orient.

"Shaka, Lord of the Zulus and all Africa!" I cried out.

"Who speaks?"

"A sailor addresses the mighty Shaka. These men have done you no harm or wrong! Why kill them?"

"They do me no good—and white men always make trouble if allowed to live! Shaka kill them!"

"And what of the white women?"

"They are strange and fair."

"They'll fight you like wildcats."

The towering brute smiled slowly. "I think Shaka like that."

"They'll spit on you and call you names."

He looked thoughtful for a moment. "I think I keep you to translate." His face was beaming with pleasure and he began to laugh.

I watched horrified as all my crew mates and Captain Roca himself were slaughtered.

Several warriors dragged me away to a hut where I was guarded closely. I thought at first that there would be a ceremony where-in Shaka would take the Roca

twins as wives—but I was mistaken. There was a delay because Shaka had urgent military duties to the north. And during the delay I learned that he had no wives. Hundreds of concubines, but no wives.

He wanted no heir available to connive against him for the Zulu empire he had built! Indeed, as soon as a concubine became pregnant, Shaka had her put to death!

Word preceded Shaka's return that he had lost the northern battle. His preoccupation with the white men had caused him to delay sending fresh warriors for one day—and it had cost him dearly.

Everyone knew the penalty; hundreds, possibly thousands, of his subjects would die.

And long before he appeared, the supplications and prayers began. *Thou that art permanent as the mountains! Thou that art intrepid as the earth! . . . Thou who art magic itself! Hear, oh hear!*

The voices reached a frenzy as he came into the village. Warriors were shouting out descriptions of the heroic deeds they would accomplish in future battles. Women were wailing of the proud, courageous, invincible sons they would bear. Youngsters were pushing forward, volunteering their youth and stamina for battle. And maidens called out the wondrous nuptial pleasures they could offer!

Word of Shaka's attitudes ran through the shouting thousands like flame through autumn.

"Take the white women to my temple—Shaka will join them as soon as he selects those who die to atone for the lost battle."

As he made the rounds, I made my move!

WHEN THE BIG ZULU struck my hand with his sword causing my splintered blade to spin out of my grasp, I panicked. The iron-wood sword whistling toward my head would decapitate me. I didn't think—I just acted. I lunged headlong into my assailant, butting his midsection with the fury of an enraged ram.

I heard the air go out of him as we went down. There was a glassy look on his face, and I grabbed up his own weapon and slashed into his throat. Blood spurted and bubbled and frothed and all expression faded from his eyes.

I looked around quickly. Everyone's attention was on Shaka.

I ran, crouched down as low as possible, toward the harem, instinctively thinking of the safety of

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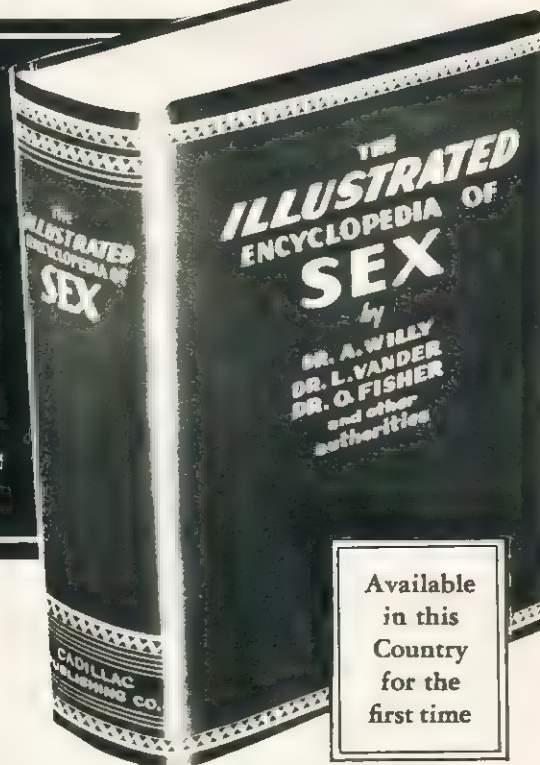
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the twins.

Then I realized they were al-
ready being removed to Shaka's
temple.

I circled and came up behind
the structure. The faces carved
into the stilts made it easy to climb
up, even at the back side. Only one
old priest was inside and I killed
him with a single blow.

Now I was praying too, the same
as everyone else. But whereas they
were praying for mercy, I was
praying that I wouldn't be discov-
ered before Shaka came to the
temple.

The girls came first, forced to
ascend the ladder at spear point.
They held back every step of the
way, but had no choice. They
mounted the rungs slowly, one step
at a time. Terror was in their eyes
and revulsion on their faces.

Then they rushed into the hut
and cowered against the opposite
wall. I put a finger to my lips to
shush them.

Then came Shaka, slowly,
proudly, every inch a robust king.
His breathing was unsteady. Saliva
trickled wetly from one corner of
his mouth. His gaze strayed con-
tinually to the girls themselves.

Every step he took made my
heart beat faster. The proud sta-
ture of the wild untamed man was
truly awe-inspiring. Unwittingly I
was caught up in the aura of great-
ness surrounding him.

Up the ladder he moved—
graceful and powerful.

Then we were face to face.
Sheer terror was pounding through
my thoughts. I drew back the
sword in my hand. "Be silent or
you die!"

His eyes darted around the little
room. I had already looked for
weapons, there were none except
what he carried.

We stood there an instant face
to face. Then Shaka's hand flashed
toward his belt and a knife ap-
peared in his hand. I saw at once
that it had a blade of iron rather

than wood or stone. Whatever na-
tive weapons he had invented, he
recognized the superior qualities of
metal.

I don't know yet why he didn't
call out to his warriors—unless
needing help while with his con-
cubines would have been humiliat-
ing.

He pressed toward me like the
brave warrior he was. I had no idea
how well my wooden sword would
hold up against his iron knife—
nor how well my 5' 7" would last
against his 6' 2".

I circled, feinting at him but
never really swinging. Then he
cornered me and closed in. I was
forced to swing. Every blow of
mine was dodged outright or was
met with the dagger in his hand.

Furiously I wielded my blade,
swinging at his head, his arms, his
legs, his body—only to watch my
weapon gradually give way to his
knife. Chips and splinters whistled
through the air as the fire-hard-
ened wood rang dully against his
blade.

Every Portuguese sailor gets
some experience with a sword: in-
surance against piracy. And I prided
myself on my skills. But I had
met my match in Shaka. The man
was a veritable dervish; no matter
how I thrust or attacked, he was
ready.

Suddenly I heard my sword
splinter in my hand. Shaka grin-
ned broadly and closed in.

The edge of his knife was bright
and glistening. The pleasure on his
face was an ugly sight.

He swung the knife at me—a
death blow. But at that moment a
white garment flashed about his
head, hiding his face and blind-
folding him.

One of the twins had disrobed
and thrown her dress over Shaka's
head!

I stepped aside; his knife grazed
across my belly leaving a ragged
flesh wound. But the force of his
blow carried his hand onward and
the knife plunged deep into one
of the timbers of the temple. In-
stantly I slammed his fist with
what was left of my iron-wood
weapon.

Bones and tendons ground to-
gether in his hand and he drew it
away—half in pain, half to free
his eyes, no doubt. I had his knife
pressed against his throat before
he unwound the gown from his
face.

"Stop struggling or I'll cut your
throat," I gasped. I got the twins
to lash his hands behind him. "All
four of us are going to walk away
from this village. If you make a
single move I don't tell you to
make, you will die quickly."

He told his people to let us pass,
and we moved slowly through
them to the edge of the village
and beyond.

We held him hostage for five
days while we moved back to the
coast and south. Then he escaped.
We were afraid that he would re-
turn to kill us, but the next day
we hailed a passing ship and were
soon on our way back to Portugal.

••

CRUSHED BY THE CONGO MONSTERS

Continued from page 36

could suffocate her life in seconds.

Diane was equipped with only a light sporting rifle we had brought with us on safari to provide meat for our table.

Quickly she worked the bolt, released the safety, and threw the rifle to her shoulder. There was a sharp crack, and Koola screamed again—in her excitement Diane had missed the snake, and hit Koola.

Effortlessly, and with incredible speed, the snake coiled twice around Diane's slim, beautiful body, knocking the light sporting rifle from her hand, and pinning her helplessly to the ground.

I had to do something.

With the long-bladed knife raised I threw myself at the spring-steel coils of that python's thirty-foot-long body, and hacked at it with a desperation I'd never known in my years of adventure in the Congo.

But, even then I saw poor Koola's bulging eyes—they were literally being popped from his head like two rotten grapes, leaving bloody, sightless sockets in the skull—and his tongue, huge and purple and swollen, protruding from a mouth that bubbled a bloody froth and gasped horribly for life-giving air.

The python whipped its huge head about, and struck—I felt a blow of such force that even as I was knocked breathless and panting to the ground I could not help marveling at it. Before I could jump to my feet the snake whipped its body around mine, too, pinning my faithful boy Koola and me together in its grasp.

Blood from his body was smeared all over me. He gave one last horrible death-rattle, screaming in a sickeningly hoarse voice, "Oh, bwana!"

IT HAD BEGUN as a love affair, of course, not as a safari intended to bring back the largest man-eating snake the Congo had ever produced. But even before Diane had met me in that small bar where I always went in Leopoldville, when I came in from the bush, perhaps the idea of capturing the snake was already on her mind. The natives to the east were frightened of it, and you heard wild and exaggerated stories—how it had invaded small villages and settlements in broad daylight and carried off not only children and

women, but grown men, strapping warriors six feet tall who were never without their spears and long knives.

Diane was, as I said, French, and the wife of a doctor vacationing in the Congo and pursuing his hobby of catching and cataloguing butterflies. She had time on her hands, and after she met me she decided to while away the long hot afternoons and evenings with me.

I hadn't wanted any part of a safari to capture the python when she first suggested it. There's no sport in a thing of that sort for a man who's gone after man-eating lions, and hunted everything from elephants to slender, delicate gazelles. I told her so, bluntly.

"Anyway, it's probably all a myth and a farce, I said.

Diane raised up on one elbow.

"How can you be so callous?" she said, disgusted with me. "The natives are being threatened, their lives are in jeopardy. You have the skill it takes to do this job as it should be done. Are you afraid?"

"Baby, there's nothing that walks, swims, crawls, or flies that I'm afraid of," I said. "And don't you forget it, either."

"This is goodbye, my friend. I find that you are without courage. That I cannot stand. I loathe and despise men who have not courage."

I stood up and took her by the shoulders. "Anything you want, baby, you can have. That's the way it is with me, see?" Then I added quietly, "We'll go on safari, we'll kill the snake for you if that's the way you want it."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, a look of great excitement on her face. "You must first capture it alive. I want to put it to death, myself—slowly." And she pressed herself passionately against me, kissing me feverishly, as if she could never get enough.

Later that night I went down to the misery and poverty of the native quarter and hunted up Koola.

"We're going on safari, lad," I said. "You see about the equipment."

Koola's black face broke into a happy smile. Like me, he was most contented out in the bush, stalking game. It had been his life, too.

"Yes, bwana."

"We're taking along the mem-sahib, too," I said, and then I told

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him what we were going to do. "We're going after that python, Koola. We're going to take it alive."

But the giant python was an even better hunter of men. We'd been on the trail two months to the day, exactly, when it happened. And now the snake had killed poor Koola, and was crushing the life-giving air from my body, and from the body of the beautiful Diane.

Even as I was being suffocated a picture of what life would be like without Diane flashed through my mind. And I knew I'd rather be dead than live that way. I had to turn the python on me.

My right arm and hand were covered with my own blood, as well as poor Koola's blood and cold gore from that gigantic snake. My left arm was useless, pinned tight to my side by one of the steel-like bands around my rib cage constricting to crack all my ribs and suffocate me. But I struck with the knife, time and time again.

I hacked at the gaping jaws, at the head of the beast, and I kept after the eyes, I think I got one of them, but I wasn't sure because the python was striking at me with its head the way a boxer strikes with his fists. One of my eyes was closed—or knocked clean out of my head, I couldn't be sure which. My nose broke with a sodden, sickening sound, and I cried aloud in pain. But when that reptilian horror broke my jaw I almost fainted in agony.

I COULDN'T SEE, and my ears were buzzing and popping—a sign that in an instant I would be suffocated and dead. It was what I had wanted, because I had wanted the snake to eat me, so Diane could go free. But at the last moment I couldn't go through with it. Call it the will to survive, I guess, but I was at least going down fighting with every last ounce of strength I possessed. I wasn't going to give up.

I struck out with my long-bladed knife with a fury that came from deep inside me—and at that same instant the huge python unhinged its giant jaws, and my whole arm, up to my shoulder, disappeared into that evil maw. The snake began swallowing me—and I realized he was trying to eat me alive, working his jaws so that his salivary glands would flow and cover me with his vile-smelling saliva so I would slip down his throat.

I couldn't help myself—when the hideously distended jaws closed over my head and shoulders I gave

one terrified scream. I'd always had a horror of being buried alive, ever since I'd been a child, and I was being eaten alive! I was in that giant maw up to my shoulders, blinded and in the dark, my cries muffled and covered with the thick stinking saliva of that monster.

It only lasted for seconds . . . but it was the terror of that kind of death that did it. I struck out with a super-human strength, the kind that one possesses in great emergencies, when nothing but pure adrenalin is being pumped through the blood stream.

I was in total darkness with only a moment of life remaining in my body—and I was almost helpless to move, but I drove my long-bladed knife upward as hard as I could. I felt the giant python writhe in agony, and again and again I plunged the knife upwards.

We were rolling and tossing about on the rotting vegetation of the jungle floor. I could tell that much. Then I gave one last fantastically strong blow with my knife—and felt cool air on my face! I had hacked my way out of that monster's gullet, I had my right arm free, in the open air. And he was in the throes of his last and final death agony.

Dazed, I staggered erect. I was covered from head to foot with his cold blood, as well as my own hot red blood—and his thick slimy saliva. My left arm was crushed, and hung useless by my side—I knew that it would never again be the same strong arm it once had. I had more cracked ribs than I cared to think about, and my jaw was shattered—I knew if I tried to speak the pain would make me faint. I couldn't even speak to Diane, but I had to help her, somehow.

She lay on the jungle floor, as fair and as beautiful as ever, and still enfolded in the dead python's coils. But her face was dead white, her eyes terrified and staring, and her legs . . . there was something odd about the way they weren't bent. I leaned over her, unable to speak, and blood from my lacerated scalp dripped on her delicate face.

I got her to the truck, and farther down trail I ran into some natives before I passed out. We spent weeks with them before either of us was in shape to travel back to Leopoldville.

HER HUSBAND DIVORCED HER, of course. I take care of her now. I outfit safaris, to make a living, and since I spent most of my life hunting I make a good thing out of it. ●●

They Said I Was Incurable

Read this amazing true story about how a man, in a world of pain, sickness and despair, was cured because of a chance meeting with a total stranger.

MY DARKEST HOURS

A stranger came to me and cured me when heartbreak was closing in from all sides. I am living proof of the wisdom of his advice. Then, in later years he came to me again to reveal another secret, the discovery of *Natural Minerals Plus*.

Two and a half years before, I had been medically discharged with an "incurable" disease from one of our biggest hospitals. I was blind, and the tragic impact of this development in my life seemed like too much of a cross to bear. To think that at 18 I'd never see another beautiful sunset, a bird in flight, a flower garden or a friendly face.



The author, Ralph Autry, now the picture of glowing health, with his lovely wife, Opal, and children: Twila (7), Ralph Jr. (10) and Barbara (17). Motherless and poverty stricken at 10, blind at 18, Ralph found a new life along with others whose minds were tortured by psychosomatic fears of rheumatism, arthritis, weakness, nerves, insomnia, aches, pains and all kinds of other ailments.

I AM CURED

It was then I crossed trails with him, a total stranger, who said these simple words of advice which cured me, words that I shall never forget. "If man has reached the end of everything he can do for you, then why not give God a chance? You will find this a miracle formula of living."

After everything else had failed me, I tried his philosophy of life and it alone, nothing else, was the answer. It worked like a miracle; I regained my precious sight, strength, new vitality and a wonderful zest for life. I was cured and in pain no more.

I have seen others follow that same advice and they were helped. **FOLKS WHOSE MINDS WERE TORTURED BY PSYCHOSOMATIC FEARS OF THE AGONIZING MISERIES OF ARTHRITIS, RHEUMATISM, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, DEPRESSION; GNAWING FEAR OF ALL KINDS OF HORRIBLE AILMENTS, ACHES AND PAINS. YES, THEY WERE HELPED BY THE SAME MIRACLE THAT I HAD FOUND.**

HE TELLS HIS SECRET

That's why I listened when, in later years, he told me another humble story that I have since retold to millions of people. And if it's God's will, I shall be telling it the rest of my life.

"Mr. Autry", he said, "I'm not a doctor. I am no more and no less than a mouthpiece for Mother Nature. She can't talk so I'm telling her story for her. This wonderful

food supplement I hold in my hands, called *Natural Minerals Plus*, doesn't contain all the millions of ingredients in the world, nor cure all the millions of ills of the world. It's great purpose and function in this precious life of ours is to reward those whose bodies may be starved and yearning for a part or all of its ingredients."

He went on to tell about a multitude of people, at one time desiring, longing, anxious, now offering millions of words of praise; people from a "thousand and one" different walks of life, all ages, all classes and all religions, offering prayers of thanks of every description. He carried on telling me the most fantastic stories I'd ever heard. But the one that made me really sit up was how he said *Natural Minerals Plus* was discovered.

A FANTASTIC DISCOVERY

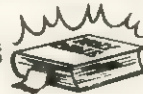


A pack mule had broken his shackle in the night and freed himself. Upon arising in the morning, some men from the work crew found the mule pawing a hole in the crust of the earth, sticking his nose through the hole. He was eating what they believed to be just plain old Nevada earth. But having worked animals all their life, and knowing that they eat and live according to instinct rather than what man thinks is good for them, they decided to send a handful of the material to a big chemical laboratory. They got the shock of their life.

What they believed to be just plain old earth, turned out to be a

fantastic discovery of an old ancient inland sea bed containing seaweed, kelp, fish, all types of marine life that would be present in the ocean, dehydrated sea water, plus all types of trace minerals existing in natural formations of this type. The mysterious past had delivered over 20 natural trace mineral elements in this material.

A MARVELOUS REVELATION



My very first impression after hearing of the discovery of *Natural Minerals Plus* was that in Bible days, when the multitudes were gathering to witness the coming of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, expecting that He would come in the pomp, glory and regal splendor of all earthly kings of that day, Jesus Christ came in riding an ass, a mule with long ears. The people were shocked. And I thought what a paradox that here 2,000 years later a mule paws a hole open in the crust of the earth and clay that God created, and leads man to a spot that had been stumbled over since the beginning of time. At that very moment a marvelous revelation flashed before me from God's holy word, the Bible, "He breathed the breath of life into a handful of clay and it became a living soul".

LIVING PROOF



I had faith in the stranger when he first showed me how God's words and blessing alone could relieve the agonizing misery of minds poisoned by psychosomatic fears of arthritis, rheumatism, weakness, constipation, aches, pains, depression and ailments of all kinds. So I had faith in him when he later told me of the actual discovery and purpose of *Natural Minerals Plus*. Thousands upon thousands of grateful people have shown their faith in me. They have been willing to try easy-to-take *Natural Minerals Plus* in convenient tablet form after hearing this simple but true story.



I pray that you learn the true potency of *Natural Minerals Plus* just as so many other thousands like you have. Prove its value to yourself and, when you receive your package of *Natural Minerals Plus*, show it to your doctor. Let him examine the label and tell you about your needs for this wonderful substance.

I pray that you follow your doctor's advice immediately... for it would be a crime to delay if he says, "START NOW".

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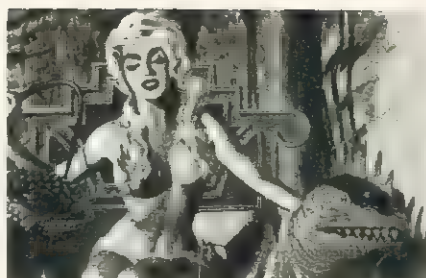
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LUST MAD EMPRESS

(Continued from page 13)

her family finally let her go on the stage as an actress. Since she did not have any histrionic talent, the producers lost interest in her, and Eloise drifted into dancing. As a single she worked out a neat routine in which she flaunted her semi-naked charms to the delight of the night-club trade.

The bistro impresarios were more than eager to book her not only because of her ties with the nobility but because she gave the night owls what was then a very daring show. Things went along fairly nicely for the Baroness as she dreamed of scaling the heights of show business. This was not to be, however. For although the taverns capitalized on her royal background, legitimate showmen were wary about signing her up.

Inasmuch as Europe failed to appreciate her "talents," she would find power, admiration and love among the enchanted isles of the Pacific Ocean. In her fanciful paranoia she evolved a fantastic scheme of running off to one of the Galapagos Islands with two men who were devoted to her for the same reasons Adam was to Eve. Thus in July 1932 she left Marseilles with Paul Rudolph Lorenz, who was her dancing instructor, and Robert Philippson, weakling son of a wealthy German merchant.

The trio's wild plan met with a temporary snag when they arrived in Panama. They had to wait several months there until they could scrounge up a ship to take them to the Galapagos. Thus only in December of 1932 did they eventually land on the tiny isle of Floreana in the Galapagos. Hardly had the boat, which brought them to Floreana, disappeared over the horizon when the crazed Eloise showed her true colors.

She stripped off her lady-like clothing to the bare essentials. Strapped around her hips was a low-slung holster with a pearl-handled revolver. From her suitcase she ex-

tracted a short, but mean-looking whip. Both Lorenz and Philippson looked upon this act as quaint, something of a delightfully eccentric touch. Their surprise was turned into sheer amazement, however, when Eloise—her blonde hair bobbing in the sea breeze—jerked out the Colt, fired two shots in the sand, gave a short snap with the whip and proclaimed herself Empress of the Galapagos Islands.

No two men could have been more stunned than Lorenz and Philippson. They had pictured this jaunt as one of romance and excitement. Now they recognized the Baroness was simply out of her mind. She had been plotting an entirely different set-up from what the two would-be adventurers had anticipated. And when Eloise informed them they would serve as her "slaves," the men realized they were the dupes of a twisted mind that would know no bounds.

So Lorenz and Philippson played ball with the Baroness; it was their only chance. Yet Eloise, in spite of her fiery pretensions, hardly made any demands of her two male slaves other than an occasional nocturnal visit that kept her satisfied.

For the most part life on the lonely island went along all right—as reasonably as any two healthy males could expect. The trio worked side by side in building a shelter and a set of traps to catch food from the sea. By using her sharp-shooting skill, Eloise hunted down an occasional rodent-like animal in the woods, so there was meat aplenty for everyone. One day, however, the Baroness came back from a hunting trip and announced there were some other people on "her" island.

The two strangers were nudists who had been living on Floreana for over a year. They were Dr. Karl Ritter of Hamburg, Germany, and a lovely young woman by the name of Matilde Weyl who described herself as Dr. Ritter's "secretary." They told the Baroness they had every intention of staying put on the isle for a while, even though she had screeched at them: "Go! You are not wanted here!"

Eloise backed up this command by easing the ugly revolver from her holster.

"I will give you until sunrise tomorrow to leave my island. Otherwise I shall shoot you both," she threatened.

Neither Dr. Ritter nor Miss Weyl took Eloise seriously at all. For one



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thing they suspected the gun was a toy, and for another they noted that her male associates did not share her wrath or put on a tough act. So they figured all would blow over if they stayed on their side of the island.

True to her word, nevertheless, the Empress of the Galapagos went gunning after them. She first came across Matilde bathing herself in a sort of homemade pool and without any warning pumped the off-guard brunette full of lead slugs. Loading her Colt again, Eloise abandoned Matilde to die and took after Dr. Ritter. He had heard the shots, and as he came running out of the foliage, Eloise killed him with four thundering shots through his chest.

It wasn't long after that several other inhabitants of the island were found. There were four of them, newcomers to Floreana: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wittmer, a nine-year-old son who was blind and an infant daughter. Surprisingly, the Baroness did not make any initial demands on the Wittmer family and let them alone. Yet the four of them disappeared without a trace. It is suspected that Eloise murdered them one night and cast their bodies into the sea, but she never indicated any such action to either Lorenz or Philippson.

As time went on, life for the two prisoners turned increasingly unbearable. Eloise became more and more cruel. With her whip she now took to lashing Lorenz and Philippson at the slightest provocation. In her maddened frenzy she seemed to enjoy being vicious. This cruelty reached its peak on the morning of September 22, 1933.

That day a shipwrecked honey-moon couple, Federico and Juana Rosario of Ecuador, were washed ashore. They staggered their way to Eloise's "palace" of mud, stones and logs and related how their small yacht had capsized in a storm the night before. On hearing this Eloise burst into a maniacal laugh that lasted fully five minutes. When finally the delirious roar ceased, she ordered the young couple stripped of their garments and tied to a tree.

Mercilessly she thrashed the boy and girl until her arm tired. Then she had them tied, still naked, to a make-shift raft and set them adrift without any food, water or medications. Luckily, the newlyweds were picked up by a freighter later that day, and if it hadn't been for the livid wounds across their backs,

none of the authorities would have believed a word of their story of the mad female dictator who reigned her island with an iron hand.

The tale the Rosarios told prompted a team of investigators to go out and search for the so-called Empress. Because the young couple had no idea which of the many islands they had landed on, they could not clue the authorities to the right trail. It took some time of hit and miss explorations before the law finally came close.

In the meantime Eloise added another shipwreck victim to the list of unfortunates coming into her realm. In October 1933 a handsome young sailor by the name of Carlos Molinas was the sole survivor of a vessel wrecked near Floreana. The treatment he got from Eloise, when he struggled his way ashore, was entirely different from what the other trespassers received. The Empress welcomed the husky mariner with open arms and accorded him royal courtesies. For a month Carlos provided a fresh diversion for Her Highness' perverted appetite.

But one morning at breakfast Eloise put an end to the marooned sailor's insular paradise. She suddenly rose from her table, spit at him, unlimbered her revolver and in one swish shot him in the stomach five times. As Carlos' blood ebbed away on the white sands, Eloise performed her ghoulish dance of death. This grisly episode was too much for Lorenz and Philippson, and they decided to make their getaway.

By now the search-party from the mainland was hotter on the trail. In December on the barren island of Marchena, a few miles away from Floreana, the striped, riddled corpse of Paul Rudolph Lorenz was found; in his pockets were his passport, a collection of unmailed letters and a small diary in thinly coded German telling of Eloise's ill-starred reign of terror. Nearby, next to a battered homemade skiff, was the body of Robert Philippson, full of lash marks and two bullet holes over his left eyebrow.

As for the demented Baroness Eloise Wehrborn, no trace of her was ever found. What could have happened to the lunatic blonde with dictatorial aspirations is anybody's guess. Though she appeared to have vanished into thin air, it's generally believed that the Mad Empress of the Galapagos was the victim of a voracious school of man-eating sharks.

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DID CASTRO WANT TO TAKE AADLAND FROM FLYNN?

(Continued from page 22)

To be perfectly honest and frank, I took it upon myself to warn my Chief about becoming involved with Errol Flynn.

"My guess is that he has come to Cuba to obtain some free publicity," I told Fidel Castro. "I believe that he will try and use you and the Revolution as a means of getting his name in the United States newspapers."

"No one is interested in your guesses or beliefs!" Castro snapped. "I am the one who does the thinking, Contreras!"

The interview was closed. A few days later, I established contact with Flynn as Castro ordered. I invited him—and his protegee—to meet with Fidel Castro. Flynn leaped at the invitation eagerly—too eagerly, I thought.

Once more, I tried to warn Castro.

"I'm even more convinced than before that this is all what the *Yanquis* call a 'publicity stunt,'" I persisted. "Flynn..."

"I'm not interested in what you think!" Castro barked.

I said nothing more. I had seen Fidel Castro when he wanted something before. Nothing could dissuade or deter him.

Fidel Castro had few minor vices. If he drank at all, he took only a few sips of wine. He ate simply and sparingly. He craved neither fine clothes nor other luxuries.

But when it came to women—it was a far different matter.

That was the direction in which his appetite lay.

The meeting between Flynn and Castro was finally arranged. I was not at all surprised when the actor and his protegee appeared at my Chief's headquarters accompanied by a photographer. I was convinced that Flynn was seeking publicity.

Castro was neither interested nor annoyed. He had eyes only for the girl. I cannot say that I blamed him. She was quite the loveliest American girl I had ever seen—and I had seen many hundreds of thousands of them who came to Cuba as tourists.

Her face was perfect, her slender figure breath-taking, her blonde

hair—which, of course, appeals to all Latins accustomed to seeing only dark-haired women of their own race—was radiant.

It was quite obvious that Beverly Aadland was interested in no man save Errol Flynn. Whether this was through loyalty or love—or both—it was clear that Castro would never be able to take her from the actor.

Flynn was then 49, almost 50. Castro was 32.

Fidel Castro tried hard to point up the difference in the ages. He made seemingly casual references to the long, forced-marches he had made, to the days and nights he went without sleep or rest, always trying to gauge her reactions. She, to his chagrin, merely smiled politely.

Castro then tried another trick. He praised Flynn's movie performances, but in a way that served to emphasize that he was young—while Flynn was old.

"I recall seeing you as Captain Blood when I was only a little boy—a child—*Senor* Flynn," Castro smiled disarmingly. "I tried to imitate some of the things you did—but I was not strong enough then."

The film star was no fool. He sensed—or guessed—what Castro was trying to do, and met him head on.

"There's a hell of a difference now," he grinned. "These days, I'd be in bed for a month if I tried to do the things you did!"

Miss Aadland laughed—not at Flynn, but with him. She had no illusions about the man she apparently loved and adored. She was well aware that he was old enough to be her father—even her grandfather, if one stretched a point. But she didn't care. She was content and satisfied with him—or at least so it appeared to me as I watched the *tableau*. I'm still certain that I was absolutely right in my conclusions.

Fidel Castro was amazed to find that he was making no headway. He stepped up his efforts as the day wore on. He swaggered and preened. He made a great show of being the Chief, the leader.

When this had no effect, he tried

gallantry—something which was hardly in keeping with his nature. Castro is not a gallant man. Perhaps he could really be if he wanted, but he prefers to play the part of the rugged fighting man and revolutionary who rides roughshod over his opponents, over everyone who does not immediately bend to his will.

Castro did not sleep much that night. He remained awake in his quarters. The sentries told me that he paced the floor and that he was curt and rude to the officers who reported to him for one reason or another during the night.

The following day was worse. He was a man possessed. He was like a frustrated bull. When he met again with Flynn and Beverly Aadland he was barely able to keep himself under control.

Now, it must be said to Flynn's everlasting credit that he actually marched and fought with the rebel forces. He—like so many of us—had been deluded by the image that Fidel Castro had projected of himself. Flynn sincerely believed that Castro was a liberator, a man who wanted to bring peace and democracy to Cuba.

Errol Flynn was a courageous man—every bit the dashing swash-buckler that he appeared to be in motion pictures. He revelled in danger and fought alongside our men in a number of sharp engagements. He was even wounded—not seriously, but extremely painfully, and bore his pain with fantastic fortitude until his wound could be attended to by Dr. Echeverria, our surgeon.

All this meant nothing to Castro. He did not care if Flynn lived or died.

It is to Beverly Aadland's credit that she handled Castro with a quiet but firm maturity far beyond her years whenever she met him. She parried his advances and rebuffed him adroitly at every turn.

Castro had never met a woman like that—at least not since he had become a revolutionary leader. He could not charm nor overwhelm her. She was not afraid of him. She was afraid of no one or nothing—save that some harm might befall Errol Flynn.

Fidel Castro's chagrin turned to anger, the anger to impotent rage. He stormed and cursed at me and at everyone else in our headquarters. There was no doubt but that his thoughts were centered on the beautiful blonde girl.

It was all to no avail.

When Errol Flynn and Beverly Aadland left Cuba, Castro called me and the other members of his press-staff into a stormy conference.

"Issue press releases minimizing Errol Flynn's role in the revolution immediately!" he roared.

"But—but he fought and risked his life," one of the other press aides protested. "He joined us of his own free will . . ."

"Shut your mouth!" Castro bel-lowed in rage.

That is why American newspapers published such items as this Associated Press dispatch:

"The Castro forces pooh-pooed the gravity of Flynn's wound and the extent of his participation in the revolution. . . ."

U.S. editors did not know why this was done, what the motives were behind the planned campaign to discredit and belittle the heroic American movie star.

At least they did not know until now. This story will explain mat-ters to many newsmen who could not heretofore understand the rea-sons for our issuing the derogatory press releases.

Yes, Errol Flynn actually left Cuba a hero—but he received little credit for what he did for the Revo-lutionary cause.

I, myself, later broke with Cas-tro after I saw that he was not the "liberator" that I thought he was. I fled from Cuba, my native coun-try, in July, 1959, and sought po-litical asylum in Venezuela.

I was living on a ranch outside Valencia when I read of Errol Flynn's death in October, 1959. I read how he had suffered a heart attack while attending a party in Vancouver, British Columbia, and that Beverly Aadland was with him there—and at his side when he died.

I could not help but reflect that Fate plays many strange, ironic tricks.

Flynn had lived through the Cu-ban Revolution. Beverly Aadland had chosen to stay by him, loyal and loving to the end.

What, I mused to myself as I read the newspaper, would have happened had Miss Aadland made a different choice?

Suppose she had listened to Fidel Castro's blandishments, his appeals and his promises?

If she had, it is possible that she would be Fidel Castro's consort to-day—that the now 17-year-old Beverly Aadland would be the "Queen" of Castro's Cuba! ■

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THE HORRIBLE TORTURES OF HISTORY

(Continued from page 26)



intense agony incurred by the hacking, and the psychological damage from which it is impossible to recover. It is doubtful that more than ten percent of the men castrated throughout the ages recovered physically, especially in instances where complete ablation of the genitalia occurred. Under Arabic rule in the Sudan, for instance, there was once an annual requirement of 4,000 eunuchs to be sold as harem guards or for service in brothels specializing in perversion. A total of some 40,000 castrations of Africans per year was required to provide them. Without aseptic techniques, nine-tenths of them died.

Sadistic flogging is well known to every psychologist. Sexual excitement from whipping (either people or animals) has been recorded in most cultures and times. Special brothels in Europe, South America and throughout the Middle-East for centuries provided slaves to be flogged by wealthy sadists. We know from Millingen's *Curiosities of Medical Experience* that female slaves of Henri III of France, and other princes, were decked in white robes, then stripped and whipped in procession, for the gratification of their royal masters.

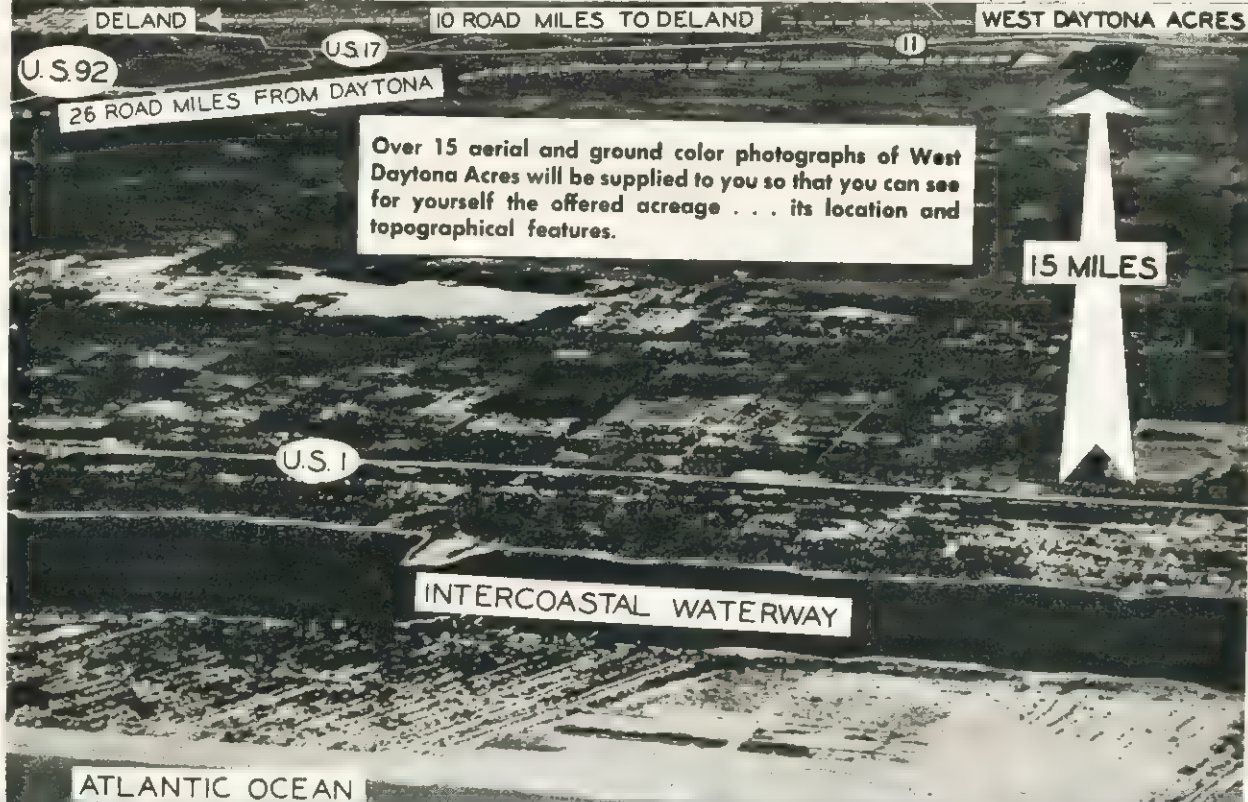
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The English Boot, on the other hand, contained no screws. It set loosely on the leg, but the calf and ankle were tightened with wooden wedges which were driven in with a mallet by the torturer. The victim was asked the questions desired of him, and repeated blows from the mallet to tighten the wedges were delivered until finally he answered—or became unconscious. This boot, like the Spanish boot, was capable of making a jelly of the human leg.

The Pulley was developed during the Inquisition—in fact, it appears to have been the Inquisition's first instrument of torture. The victim's hands were manacled behind him and his feet securely tied together. A rope fastened to his hands was drawn over a pulley sus-

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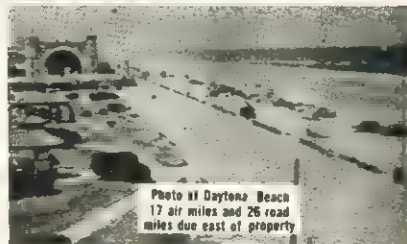
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References:

Miami-Dade Chamber of Commerce
Hollywood-by-the-Sea Chamber of Commerce
Deland Chamber of Commerce
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pended above his head, and the rope was pulled until he was raised off his feet. The questioning began. Gradually he was raised higher and higher. If he refused to talk, weights were tied to his legs—perhaps as much as 100 pounds. If he still refused to talk, he was hoisted much higher, then suddenly dropped part way, only to be stopped just before the weights touched the ground. Such suspension and sudden dropping was capable of pulling apart every joint in his body and crushing every nerve in his system. The process was repeated until the victim became unconscious, or talked.

The Wheel, a device so old that it appears throughout ancient literature, was in use clear into the nineteenth century. It took many forms, but the principle was the same. The victim was bound with his back to a wheel, cylinder or crossttimbers, and rolled with his face and stomach down, over earth, stones, spikes, etc. Sometimes the wheel itself was spiked. He was usually flogged or beaten with a club on the legs and arms as he rolled. The *coup de grace* was, traditionally, a blow on the stomach after he was unconscious. "To be broken alive on the wheel," was a common sentence for centuries, and applied to both men and women. There is a record in Brussels of a woman being allowed, because of her modesty, to wear a blouse and pantaloons while being executed on the wheel.

The Rack, known also as the Wooden Horse, has figured heavily among the torture techniques of many countries, beginning, it is believed, during the early part of the Inquisition, and used later in the Tower of London. It was a wooden frame, situated well off the ground, and large enough for a man to be placed on it, face up. At each end was a large roller, usually a log, attached to the frame so that it could be turned with a lever. The victim's arms were tied with ropes or chains to the log at the head of the rack, and his feet were similarly tied to the log at the foot. Then two executioners began working the levers, rolling up the ropes. Such action stretched the victim tighter and tighter until his hands and feet were pulled off (after his joints were dislocated, of course) unless he talked or otherwise satisfied the complaint against him. In a hideous variation of this technique, four horses were sometimes tied to the extremities

of the victim, and whipped into sudden action, tearing him to pieces.

The Ducking-Stool, also known as the Tribuch and the Thewe, was a chair or stool attached to the end of a long pole which was usually fixed over an upright standard at the edge of a stream or pool. The victim was strapped into the chair and ducked for varying periods of time into the water by two or three executioners at the other end of the pole. He was often held under until he drowned. This form of torture appears to have been introduced into the United States from England. The last record of its use is the case of Mary Davis, in 1818, who was severely ducked for the crime of scolding. (This was the crime of abusive language by women and seldom applied to men!)

The Scold's Bridle was, of course, another punishment for this crime. It was an iron helmet and yoke combined, with a flat iron bit which fitted into the woman's mouth and suppressed her tongue. The bridle was preferable to the ducking-stool for women whose scolding crimes were not so bad as to warrant death. The bridle silenced them effectively, but left them quite alive!

The Iron Gauntlets were developed in the Tower of London under official sanction of the British Crown. They resembled wide iron manacles, placed around the wrists and tightened by means of screws until the wrists were tightly grasped. Then they were attached to ropes which hung over rafters or beams in the prisons or torture chambers. The victim was therefore made to hang by his gauntlets, his weight horribly increasing the pressure.

Boiling and Frying are very old forms of torture, both recurring throughout the literature of ancient times. Boiling was done in a huge cauldron or pot, hanging over a fire and filled with water, oil, tallow or pitch. The victim was sometimes thrown in, sometimes lowered slowly with a rope—depending on whether information or confession was desired of him. Sometimes he would be submerged while the liquid was still cool, and then heated gradually. Certain cauldrons on record had tightly fitting lids with head holes in the middle, so that the head could stay intact while the rest of the body was cooked until all flesh fell from the bones. Frying was usually done in a similar manner, but in a gigan-

tic iron or stone skillet, with the victim being fried in oil or pitch.

Boiling Lead has been used to kill a person accused of the crime of blasphemy. He was hanged by his arms and boiling lead poured down his throat. **Burning** and **Branding** are well-known forms of torture, appearing in most cultures at some time in the past. In England, letters were used for brands: R for rogues and vagabonds, T for thieves, M for manslaughter (these in the palm), and P on the forehead for perjury. Branding in England was inflicted on more sensitive spots for other crimes, such as the cheek for shop-lifting. For blasphemy, a red-hot iron was run through the tongue. Branding with the *fleur-de-lis* was inflicted for a host of minor offenses in France. Russia practiced branding slaves as well as petty criminals for many centuries.

Drawing and Quartering was one of the very ancient methods of execution and retribution for serious crimes. It is a practice almost wholly traceable to European civilization. Originally, it appears that the limbs and body were pulled apart by force; later the bodies were cut apart with knives and axes by ex-

cutioners who were called surgeons. One sentence, often pronounced, was that the victim be "half-hung and then quartered alive." This meant that he was placed on the gibbet and hung just enough to leave him half-conscious and badly shaken. Then he was quartered and the entrails removed. His head and the quarters were set up in conspicuous places to warn other potential criminals. If the culprit was a nobleman, he might be granted the privilege of being beheaded instead of half-hung before being hacked apart.

Live-Hanging seems to have begun in the West Indies, especially Jamaica. This was a technique of placing the victim into a basket of heavy gauge wire, or other crate-like contrivance, and hanging him from a huge tree limb, where he was left to starve and become food for carrion-eating birds. Death required a few days, sometimes (according to one case on record) as long as thirteen days—the length of time probably depended on the victim's proximity to the sun. One wire device for live-hanging in Jamaica—an instrument which now resides in a museum there—was a wire basket made to fit the

torso, legs and feet of a woman. The feet had spikes for her to stand on, and her weight rested on a wire between her legs. Her hands were manacled to the side of the frame. When it was cut down, her skeleton remained inside, clean and bleached. The slaves of Surinam were sometimes live-hanged by means of tongs or hooks which were pressed in underneath the ribs and hoisted away, leaving the heads and feet hanging downward. Men have been known to remain alive for three days in such suspension.

The Dice were iron cubes, one surface of which was concave to fit the human heel. They were fastened to each foot and tightened by means of screws until the feet were broken.

The Bath usually refers to the ancient Roman steam bath, which was a sealed stall where the victim might be imprisoned under steam, with no ventilation.

The Water Torture, a drop-by-drop pouring of water onto a sensitive part of the anatomy, is one of the most painful and fiendish methods ever devised by man. And it is said by experts that a stream of water pouring onto the forehead

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- (2) Faster growth of hair.
- (3) More "life" (slight coarsening) in hair that had become too fine.
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of a man lying on his back is absolutely intolerable.

The Pendulum originated in Spain. It was a heavy instrument, the bottom of which was a very sharp cutting edge. It hung over a table upon which the victim was tied, face up, so that only his eyes could move. The pendulum was started swinging, and then gradually lowered, slowly, slowly, so the victim might watch it and begin his agony long before the blade of the thing touched him.

The Pillory was an Anglo-Saxon device which reached its heyday in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. It consisted of two timbers, one above the other, fastened horizontally upon a post. Holes large enough for the human neck and wrists were fashioned between the timbers, and culprits were made to stand in public scorn for any number of lesser crimes. Some crimes combined stoning with the pillory sentence. The Stocks were similar, except that they added additional timbers with holes for the ankles as well!

Scalping did not begin with the American Indian, although it may have ended there (or will, some day, via the TV screen). Herodotus, the Greek historian who wrote some 400 years before the birth of Christ, recorded that "Every Sychian drinks the blood of the first prisoner he takes, and presents the King with the heads of the enemies he has killed. For if he brings a head, he is entitled to a share of the booty. They slew these heads by cutting a circle around the neck close under the ears and stripping off the skin, as they would do that of an ox." It has been suggested that scalping originated from a belief that to take the top off a man's head and wear it as a talisman would bring to you whatever mental powers he possessed.

The Treadmill, or treadwheel, was invented at Brixton prison in 1817. It was similar to an ordinary waterwheel, except that its power was derived from prisoners holding onto a bar above it and walking the wheel as though climbing stairs. It produced a lot of power, and was vastly exhausting if somewhat more humane than most forms of torture.

The Crank was also used in English prisons—a power device with a crank which counted its own revolutions. A prisoner might be sentenced to turn it a certain num-

ber of times a day—say, 10,000. If he didn't perform according to his sentence, he was starved, or made to wear the "punishment jacket," which was a sort of straight-jacket with a collar so tight he couldn't swallow the food that was given him.

The Boats were used in ancient Persia. They were small boats, not as long as a man is tall, and they were identical. The victim was placed in one with his head and feet sticking out the ends, and his arms sticking out the sides; and he was tied securely in this position. Then the other boat was turned upside-down over him and tied in place. The man was forced to drink wine until his stomach could hold no more; and his face and hair were smeared with honey. He was left in a sunny place for insects to annoy and feed upon. As days went by he was given a few mouthfuls of honey and he was again smeared. His urine and feces within the boat cavities attracted yet more rodents and insects. When death came, it was normal to expect to find little flesh still on his body.

HOW FAR has mankind come from such monstrous concepts as those depicted above? Not as far as we should, perhaps!

Within our lifetime, Hitler's ovens burned millions of Jews and the Japanese warlords slaughtered millions of Chinese, Koreans and Malaysians, all this culminating in the bloodiest war in history.

And what about America?

Our bestiality and torture are now limited. The most horrible is the torture of children by rage-stricken or guilt-ridden parents. During a recent year, statistics show over 5,000 cases dealt with by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

These cases involved almost 12,000 children; one of them before the courts was a case where a mother had held her child's hands over gas flames until they were mutilated. If we take into consideration the number of children tortured and otherwise mistreated which never get reported, what must the real picture be? ••



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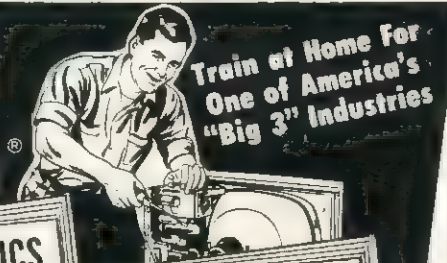
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LOVE LOTTERIES

(Continued from page 16)



little brunette, looking like a Vassar undergraduate, told me. "I've been making my living from sex ever since I turned fourteen, and I never had it so good. I matured early — body — looks — and men were always after me. I started out cheap and worked myself up to the status of call girl with a switchboard of my own.

"I did business with the sales managers of some of the biggest corporations in the country. I handled their clients for them, the purchasing agents who like to kick over the traces before they put their names on the bottom of a contract.

"Then they came along with this set-up. I take pot-luck on whoever wins the contest, and I give them a time they'll never forget. So far the winners have been pretty nice. Middleaged boys who've been married about ten years or so, the kind that are gentle with a woman. The only trouble is that they're just a little bored with their wives. But I give them the cure.

"The best part of this deal is the money end. I used to get a hundred bucks for a hard night's work with a total stranger, some purchasing agent who was used to having his own way. Now I get a thousand bucks for a weekend. This way I get paid what I'm worth and the winner has a real good time.

"It's nice work if you can get it. Don't you forget that . . .

From the highly specialized love lotteries of the East, designed to boost a sagging sales graph, the girl-for-a-weekend sex racket has spread across the country to become a national scandal that has law enforcement agencies groping in the dark. In Detroit, for in-

stance, one operation alone was grossing \$10,000 per week—in one business firm alone. And the cops' hands were tied.

The way it worked out there was as follows. The production, maintenance and shipping workers of a major automobile producer were organized into spending \$5.00 per chance for a crack at spending an all expense-paid weekend with one of the top notch pleasure-for-pay girls. This love lottery had been taken over by the professionals and run strictly for the buck involved. "They give us each three books to get rid of," one assembly line worker told this reporter. And we get paid off in raffle chances—one for each book we sell."

"This is no small time operation," one Detroit vice squad cop told this reporter. It's no amateur deal organized by a couple of the boys in the shipping room. These are big time operators. They're out to show a profit—the fact that the winning ticket holder gets himself 48 hours with a hot sex-for-pay broad is only incidental to their prime interest—the buck."

"Our only hope of breaking this thing up," a Wisconsin police chief told this reporter, "is getting a lead on a raffle winner who is willing to cooperate. Then if we can reach the girl fast enough and get her to talk, we'll be able to feel our way along the pipeline to the big boys who have cut themselves in on this operation and made it big money. Big money it is. These weekend girls drag down about 40 grand a year, so you can figure what the promoter who is running the raffle is making."

The love lottery racket occasionally turns vicious and ugly. In Milwaukee a fast buck operator set up a raffle and skipped after collecting from one firm's workers. When the prize-winner showed up at a lakeside lodge as instructed, expecting to spend 48 glorious hours with an obliging beauty, he found himself laughed right out of the hotel.

The love lotteries have spread to any industry they can milk a profit out of. Inevitably, the idea of a raffle for the bed-companionship of a girl for the weekend has spread to the campuses. Undergraduates in the Ivy League schools have run their own love raffles, cleared a few thousand dollars, and in one case, found themselves with a winner but no girl for the payoff weekend. The pseudo-smart college kids didn't

have the know-how to line up a professional call girl who would have been happy to do the job for them for a reasonable fee. When the complaints about the failure to deliver got ugly, the collegians resorted to the services of a teen age nympho who got her kicks from hanging around college dorms. They set the juvenile delinquent up in a Massachusetts ski lodge for the payoff and the holder of the winning ticket is now sweating out a case of V.D. "The way I look at it," the lucky raffle ticket holder told this reporter, "I figure I lost—not won the raffle."

Starting out as the answer to the sales manager's prayer, love lotteries have spread through industry with more pulling power than the Irish sweepstakes. The money has attracted the mobs who run them as one more form of their vice operation. As the weekend-janes are switched around the country as part of the fresh face policy, the rate of V.D. has begun to climb.

Sooner or later this new vice racket is going to break wide open in one of the biggest sex scandals this country has ever seen. The rumble is already beginning to be heard.

This is a sex-scheme which got out of hand the moment the racket boys moved in and took it out of the hands of the amateurs. ●●





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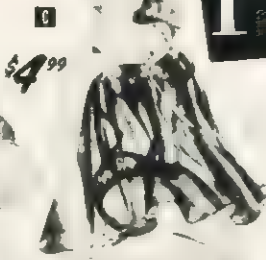
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THE BLOODIEST GANGSTER KILLINGS

(Continued from page 32)

group of hoods into a gang with a specific leader. And in ridding the world of the notorious Shapiro Brothers, this gang moved in big. Its efficiency was noted by the bigger shots in Manhattan, Chicago, Washington, Florida and California. They could be put to constructive work. And thus was born Murder, Inc., the lethal instrument of the American arm of the Mafia.

THE FIRST American policeman to go after the Mafia, as such, was probably Chief David Hennessey of New Orleans in 1890. The New Orleans docks were already ruled by the Sicilian thugs who had moved into not only American ports but principal shipping centers all over the world. Importers found themselves unable to unload anything until a certain tribute was paid. And suddenly Chief Hennessey discovered that many corpses were turning up in sundry places along the waterfront.

One body was decapitated. Another was found with its head still sticking into a fireplace, smoldering. Many were stabbed, many others killed with the garrote. Shotgun blasts and crude bombs were common.

Chief Hennessey worked hard, and compiled evidence against sixty-odd mobsters, but before he got them into court he was cut down by a salvo of shotgun blasts. Enraged New Orleans demanded action. It was with some reluctance that the police department finally brought nineteen Sicilians to trial for the Hennessey murder. (The police, let it be said, were correct in their belief that proving it in court would be difficult—and reprisals against their families by the Mafia inevitable!)

And there were no convictions. Threats from the Mafia had reached every member of the jury.

NEW ORLEANS, however, was shocked and deeply angered. Worked up by editorials of encouragement from the *Picayune* and the *Times-Democrat*, a blood-thirsty mob of several thousand citizens marched on the jail and burst into it after the acquitted mafiosi who were still inside.

Deputy sheriffs disappeared and jailers suddenly went to the men's room. Eleven of the nineteen were

caught by the vigilantes and dragged from the jail into the open square.

"Hang them!" cried the crowd. "Shoot the gangsters!" cried others.

Two were quickly strung up onto lampposts by the neck, dying to the delight of the roaring crowd which also filled them with bullets.

But hanging was too slow. The other nine were lined up against the prison wall and mowed down by shotgun blasts from the vigilantes' guns!

BUT THE MAFIA continued operating quietly, as soon as the New Orleans affair blew over. It is still operating today, perhaps more strongly than ever, but with a certain care to guard against publicity. No doubt it has been wounded to an extent with the deporting of so many of its members, and the jailing of so many others.

But if the Mafia is stronger and quieter today, it was loud enough during the Prohibition era, when one of the few non-Sicilians ever to rule it took over in Chicago. He was a thug who had grown up in New York where, as a boy, he had once been in a brawl over a girl at a dance. Another of the girl's admirer's had swung a knife and cut young Alphonse Capone's cheek very badly, producing one of the most famous scars in history.

Capone was a Neapolitan, and it was not easy for him to break through the Sicilian clans to emerge top dog in Chicago. With sawed-off shotguns and Thompson submachine guns he mowed down the O'Banion gang and slaughtered the Bugs Moran crowd. This slaughter, which will be forever known as the "Saint Valentine's Day Massacre"—depicted laughingly in a recent Marilyn Monroe Movie called "Some Like it Hot"—had true comic overtones. Capone's mob dressed up as policemen and grabbed half a dozen members of the Moran mob in the back of a garage. They lined the Moran boys against the wall, and made them turn around facing it to be searched. Nothing so serious about that, they thought. But as they faced the wall, the phony cops mowed them down with machine guns!

PERHAPS AL CAPONE'S single most grisly act came about as the result of a Sicilian enemy in New York. One Guiseppe Aiello was a really big man—a capo mafioso, in fact. He had never liked the idea of a Neapolitan ruling Chicago. Capone's twenty-million-dollar-a-year business, from which the scarfaced thug had already invested fifty million dollars in blue-chip securities, just plain rankled the Sicilian capo; and he began to scheme ways to rid the world, the Mafia, and himself of the underworld chief of Chicago.

Soon teams from Brooklyn's Murder, Inc. began turning up in Chicago, under contract with the capo to butcher certain key men in the Capone organization. Like dominoes in a row, they began to fall on their faces—bloody and full of holes. Torrio, Lombardo, Pasquale Lolordo.

Then Aiello in New York swelled with his success. He made contact with Capone's two right-hand gunmen, Scalice and Anselmi, persuading them to rat on the boss and help assassinate him. But Al Capone had an intelligence system of his own.

Scalice and Anselmi brought a newcomer (highly respected in the Eastern branch of the Mafia, let it be said) into the Chicago crowd. His name was Giuseppe Quinta, and he was truly a fine fellow. He would be handy in the Capone enterprises. Within a very few days, however, Capone knew that Quinta had been sent by Aiello from New York to kill him—and that his own two most trusted lieutenants were playing false.

SO, TO MAKE REVENGE fitting the extent of his anger and hurt, Al Capone arranged a banquet of welcome to the newcomer, Giuseppe Quinta. After a gala dinner at a fine hotel dining room that was privately rigged and sound-proofed, the scarfaced king rose to offer a toast to their honored guest. He held out a glass of champagne and bowed low to Quinta and to Scalice and Anselmi who sat on each side of him. Then Capone's face ceased smiling.

"You are dogs!" he screamed at them suddenly. "You came to Chicago to croak me!" he cried, throwing his champagne glass into Quinta's face.

"Wait, boss!" shouted Scalice. But Al Capone had reached under his table and pulled out a heavy

ball bat. As he came up with the bat, his henchmen who were in on the little party drew their guns and covered the three—the guest of honor and the two traitors.

"Boss!" cried Anselmi. "You got a wrong idea!"

"Pigs!" cried Capone. "Pigs! Pigs!"

He reached them and swung the bat at Guiseppe Quinta, catching him squarely in the middle of his head. The bat crushed Guiseppe's skull into pulpy splinters. Then Capone smashed him again, for good measure. As Quinta slumped in his bloody chair, Capone raised the bat over his head again—this time bringing it down squarely on top of Scalice. The rest of the mob roared approval as their boss personally handed out the medicine these slobs so richly deserved. At last Capone got to Anselmi, and the little hood just looked back over his shoulder and up as the bat came crashing down to drive through his skull and almost into his neck!

Indiana State Police found the three battered corpses the next day just across the State line in a ditch.

A FEW WEEKS LATER Al Capone, suddenly in stronger command of his empire than he had ever been previously, made his first serious mistake.

He called a Mafia meeting which was to be held in Atlantic City. Twenty-five of gangdom's biggest hoods gathered from all the major cities to be Capone's guests. Two of them, incidentally, were among those picked up in the raid at Apalachin, New York in 1957!

Capone's ideas were big. He was a capable corporation president. His plans resembled those of several corporations merging into a cartel—a syndicate, in fact. Today it is called The Syndicate, by the underworld, and by the police and Congressional investigating committees.

Capone could see a nationwide cohesiveness coming into existence—a system of national control over much more than liquor. Prohibition booze had been the item which made gangsterism big and wealthy, of course. Now there was no reason why prostitution could not be set up like chain stores. And gambling. And dope.

"I tell you," Capone said, speaking forcefully to the gathering of criminals, "prohibition ain't here to stay! It's going to be repealed,

and then where will we be?"

"Yeah, where will we be?" came the glum answer.

THEY SAW the merit of his dream—and its foresightedness. Peace treaties should be worked out between the various big city mobs. The Mafia could become a ruling board, to arbitrate disputes and guarantee accounting. Murder, Inc., the execution arm, could keep greedy and ambitious brothers in line by popping them off anytime the Mafia said so. They could all stay in business for years to come—even after prohibition went out the window—if they played it smart.

The brothers agreed. They were enthusiastic. They would go home and start work immediately to bring about the merger of this giant cartel of crime.

Al Capone was pleased, and on his way home to Chicago he had to stay over in Philadelphia for a few hours between trains. He decided to attend a movie.

Two alert city cops spotted him, and realized that he was packing hardware. He was arrested and taken to the station house.

Now, Al Capone was feeling pretty big. He had just about pulled off the biggest deal in history.

"Hey you know who I am," he said. "I got a permit for this rod."

"Not in Philadelphia, you haven't," said the cops.

"I got influence," he said. "You'll be sorry!"

"The Judge will have to deal with you, Mr. Capone," said the police detective. "You're under arrest."

Capone was sentenced to a year in prison for carrying a concealed weapon. And although he was released in a little over ten months for good behavior (he was prison librarian at the Holmesburg penitentiary), he never regained face again in the Mafia.

If the big hoods who ruled the underworld coast to coast, and still do, learned anything from Al Capone, it was never to carry a gun without a permit! ●●

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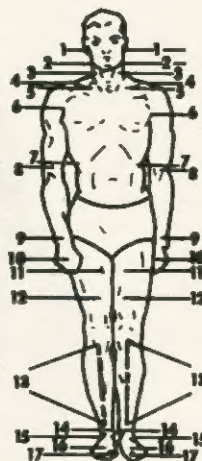
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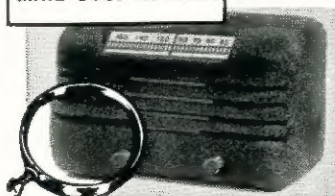
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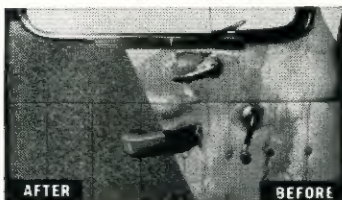


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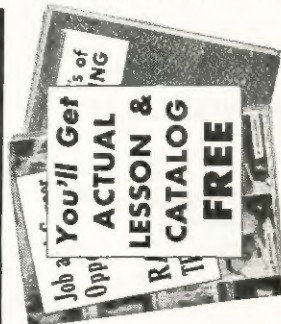
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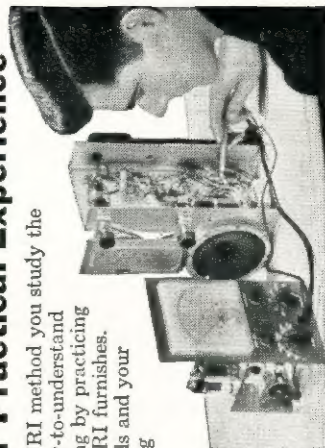
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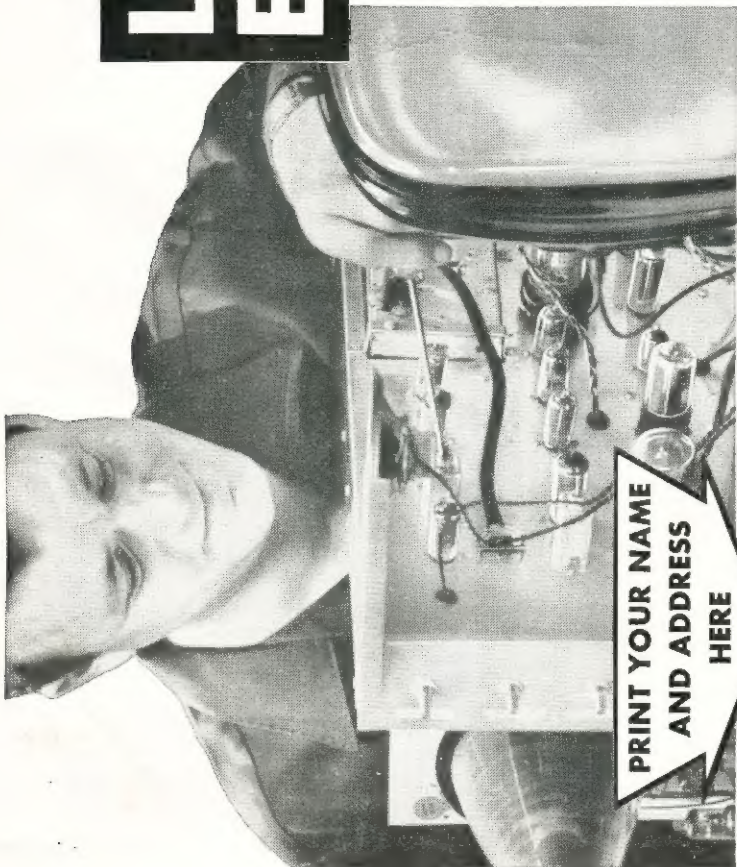
Services Radar

"I'm an Electronics Technician for Canadian Marconi Co., servicing Marine Radar. NRI opened up a world of opportunity. I earn more than average." J. J. JANECA, Sidney, Nova Scotia.



Does Spare Time Work

"I do a lot of Custom Hi-Fi work in spare time. Whenever I get a technical problem I can usually find the answer in my NRI text-books." H. M. ANDREW, Delaware Water Gap, Pa.



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